THE

CECILIAN GLEE BOOK:

A COLLECTION OF

FOUR-PART SONGS, GLEES, AND SECULAR CHORUSES;

ORIGINAL, OR SELECTED FROM

GERMAN, ITALIAN AND ENGLISH AUTHORS.

IN TWO PARTS.

E POETRY OF PART FIRST WRITTEN AND TRANSLATED BY J. E. A. SMITH.

T ETRY OF PART SECOND BY BURNS, SCOTT, BAYLY, J. C. JOHNSON AND OTHERS.

MUSIC NGED (A PORTION WITH PIANO-FORTE ACCOMPANIMENT) FOR THE USE OF OCIETIES, SCHOOLS, CHOIRS, CLUBS, AND THE SOCIAL CIRCLE.

BY EDWARD L. WHITE,

THOR OF "MODERN HARP"—"OPERA CHORUS BOOK"—"TYROLIEN LYRE,"—"BOSTON MELODEON," &c., &c.

AND

A. N. JOHNSON,

HOR OF "BAY STATE COLLECTION"—"INSTRUCTIONS IN THOROUGH BASS"—"CHOIR CHORUS BOOK," &c., &c.

BOSTON:

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1850.

PREFACE.

In the Cecilian Glee Book, the editors have endeavored to present to the public a collection of secular music, adapted to the Social Circle, Musical Societies, Clubs, Choirs, &c., embracing all the styles of four-part music which have been so deservedly popular with the singing community. Although these different styles have never before, to the knowledge of the editors, been combined in one work, from long experience, they have felt assured that in most singing associations, as well as in most social musical meetings, a work containing a variety, adapted for every shade of musical ability is a desideratum. An examination of the following pages will show, it is believed, choice selections from every style, including the easiest four-part songs, the always favorite popular air, the rich German and the sterling English Glee, up to the more difficult Opera Choruses. Care has been taken to have the words of unexceptionable character, and to accomplish this end, considerable expense has been incurred in procuring words written expressly for the work. With the hope that the Cecilian Glee Book will prove an acceptable addition to the stock of secular music now before the public, it is respectfully submitted to the musical community.

N. B. In order to present a greater variety of Poetry, as well as to retain some Lyric gems which all would regret to have omitted in a work of this kind, in several of the old familiar airs the original words have been placed under the new words, and separated from them by a curved line.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by
EDWARD L. WHITE, & A. N. JOHNSON,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

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CECILIAN GLEE BOOK.

PART FIRST.

QUARTETT.—"Sweet Windermere."

AIR, 'Near the Lake.

1. By thy ver-dant bor - ders roam-ing, Sweet Win-der - mere, Life - long vows we pledge this gloaming, Ten - der and dear!
While thy murmurs soft and lone - ly, Break on the ear, Hear the vows, thou hear - est on - ly Sweet Win - der - mere!

2. As thy bil-lows flow - u - nit - ed, Sweet Win-der - mere, So shall beat the hearts we've plighted Ma - ny a year!
May the love-light o'er us quiv-er Sweet - ly for - e'er; Pure as sun-beams on thy riv - er, Sweet Win - der - mere!

3. O'er thy wave the storm may low - er, Sweet Win-der - mere, And the years may o'er us show-er Ma - ny a tear;
But the bow of hope, as - cend-ing, Love's home shall cheer, As the rain-bow o'er thee bending, Sweet Win - der - mere!

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QUARTETT.—"One Night."

AIR, 'Love's young dream.'

Slow.

1. When the bells rang out their midnight chime The winds came light, With a burden sweet of tender rhyme, One night, one night. So faint, so low, Its

2. Oh! I hush'd my beating heart to hear, With wild de-light, For the swelling tones came near, more near That night, that night. With thrilling frame, My

3. Ah! the midnight bells are tell-ing oft Of Time's swift flight, But I nev-er hear a strain so sweet At night, at night. Yet of-ten still My

1. Oh! the days are gone, when beau-ty bright, My heart's chain wove; When my dream of life, from morn till night, Was love, still love! New hope may bloom, and
2. Tho' the bard to pur-er fame may soar, When wild youth's past; Tho' he win the wise, who frown'd be-fore, To smile at last; He'll nev-er meet a
3. Oh! that hallowed form is ne'er for-got, Which love first traced; Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot On memory's waste! 'Twas o-dor fled as

mel-low flow Up-on the night-air died, That the louder throbbing of my heart I strove to chide, That the louder throbbing of my heart I strove to chide.

maiden name Amid its rhymes I heard, And my heart grew still, for well I knew Who breath'd that word, And my heart grew still, for well I knew Who breath'd that word.

heart will thrill The midnight breeze to hear, While the echo of that song will fall On fan-cy's ear, While the echo of that song will fall On fan-cy's ear.

days may come, Of milder, calm-er beam, But there's nothing half so sweet in life, As love's young dream, Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life, As love's young dream.
joy so sweet In all his noon of fame, As when first he sung to woman's ear His soul-felt flame, And, at every close, she blush'd to hear The one-lov'd name.
soon as shed; 'Twas morning's winged dream! 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again On life's dull stream! Oh, 'twas a light that ne'er can shine again On life's dull stream.

QUARTETT.—"I have come to the Rose-tree."

AIR, 'Last rose of summer.'

1. I have come to the rose-tree, We stood by that night, When our hearts and all na - ture Seemed one in de-
2. 'Tis the same bend-ing wil - low That sighs o'er me now; 'Tis the same sum - mer zeph - yr That plays with my
3. Not the sun-light that gildeth Yon cloud's flee - cy pile. To the darkness will leave it More false than thy

1. 'Tis the last rose of Summer, Left bloom-ing a - lone, All her love - ly com - pan - ions Are fad - ed and
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem, Since the love - ly are sleep - ing, Go, sleep thou with
3. So···· soon may I fol - low, When friendships de - cay, And from love's shin - ing cir - cle The gems drop a-

light; The blush-es I kin-dled, Seemed caught from the sky, And thine eye but re - flect - ed The love-light on high.

brow; The flow'rs but once withered Are bloom-ing a - gain; But the fair - est, the dear-est, I look for in vain.

smile. Then why do I lin-ger, Where all speaks of thee, And the hour when we part-ed Be - side the rose tree?

gone: No flow'r of her kind-red, No rose - bud is nigh, To re - flect back her blush-es, Or give sigh for sigh.
them; Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates of the gar - den Lie scent-less and dead.
way; When true hearts lie with-ered, And fond ones are flown, Oh!·· who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone?

QUARTETT.—"The Village Spire."

AIR, 'Home, Sweet Home.'

Andante.

1. I came to the home, where, I gamboll'd, a child, And the day smiled as sweetly as ev - er it smiled, The spire of the church seem'd to
2. I sought for the welcomes that met me of yore, But the pla - ces that knew me now knew me no more, The shade of the spire, like the

3. While sad thro' the churchyard, the night zephyrs breath'd, And I tho't of the smiles that no more might be wreath'd, A form from the earth seem'd in

4. From earth and the shadows a - round me I turned To the sky, where a star in its blue bosom burned, I knew that the friends who had

1. Mid pleas-ures and pal - a - ces, tho' we may roam, Be it ev - er so humble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to
2. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain; Oh! give me my low - ly thatch'd cottage a-gain, The birds singing gai - ly, that

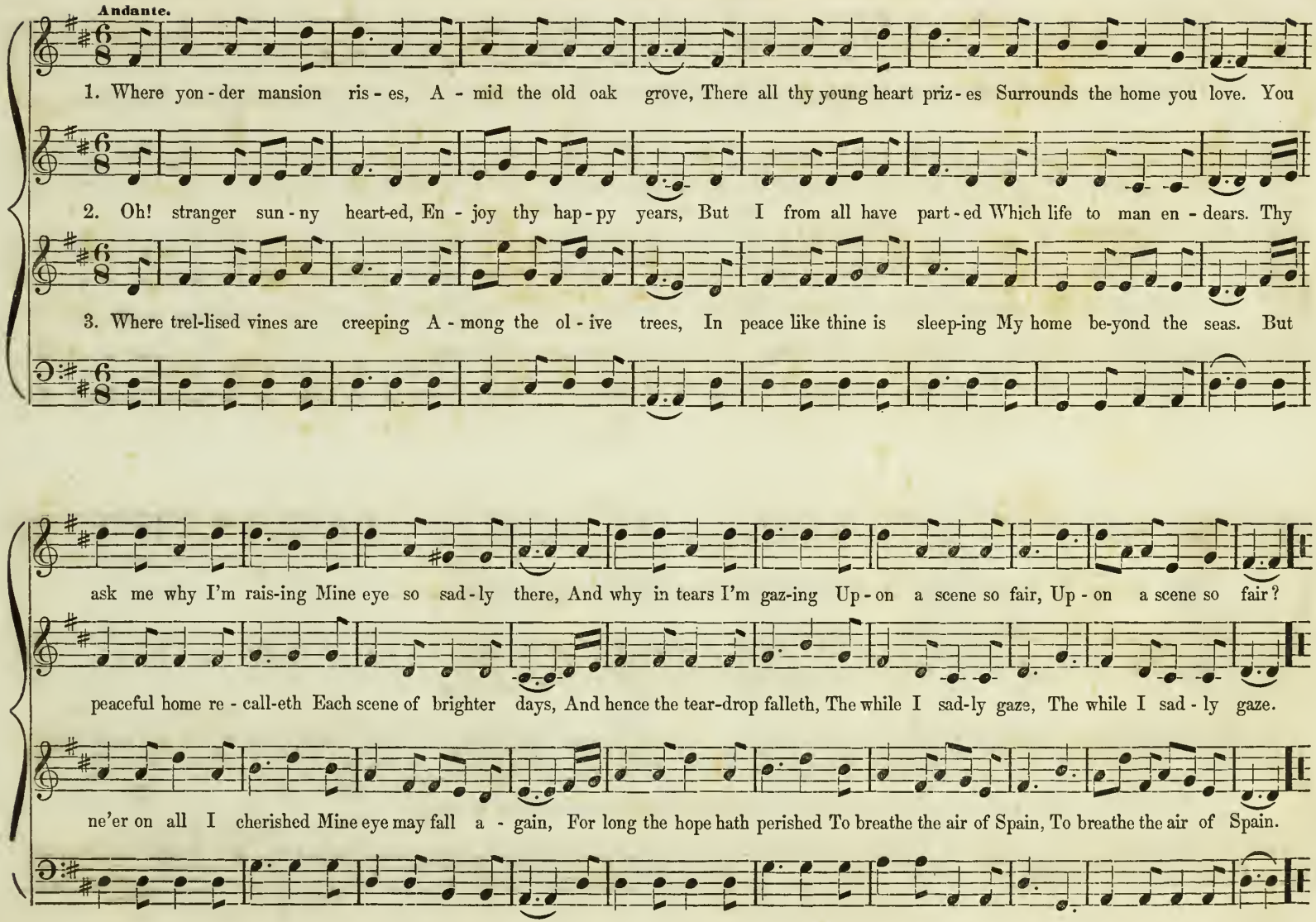
pierce the blue sky, As calm as it rose when it last met my eye. Oft, oft, thus it gleam'd When a-far in the land of the stranger I dream'd.
fin - ger of doom, Was pointing in darkness the way to the tomb. Oft, oft, thus it gleam'd When a-far in the land of the stranger I dream'd.

beau-ty to rise, And point to the spire as it soar'd thro' the skies. Oft, oft, thus it gleam'd When a-far in the land of the stranger I dream'd.

left me were there, The spire pointed home to that plan - et in air. Oft, oft, thus it gleam'd When a-far in the land of the stranger I dream'd.

hal - low us there, Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - er so humble, there's no place like home.
come at my call; Give me them, sweet peace of mind, dearer than all. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - er so humble, there's no place like home.

QUARTETT.—"Where yonder mansion rises."



GLEE. — "Up and On!"

BOHEMIAN.

f Allegro. *pp* *f*

1. Up and la-bor, fainting brother, Work despairing never, Work despairing never, Cheerly do thy best, Strive with right endeavor, Thou shalt conquer

f *pp* *f*

2. In the work, the work thou doest, Brother be in earnest, Brother be in earnest, Do thy task with zest, Where thy hand thou turnest, In the thing thou

p Cres.

ev-er; By no gloomy care deprest, Brother cheerly do thy best, With our Father leave the rest.

p Cres.

learnest; By no gloomy care deprest, Brother cheerly do thy best, With our Father leave the rest.

f *p*

GLEE.—"Our faith now be plighted."

Words from the German.

1. Our faith now be - plight-ed, And grasped the true hand! A broth-er band u - nit - ed, To guard our Fa - ther land, A
2. On Freedom's broad al - tar Each heart now be laid, And pledge them ne'er to fal - ter, Till Des - pot wrong be stayed, And

3. As firm as the Broc-ken, As true as the Rhine, Let rock and stream give to - ken And write our vow di - vine; Let
4. Let Ty - ran - y nev - er Find peace to his crown, But Fa - ther - land for - ev - er, Up - rise and not bow down, But

5. The flame of thy glo - ry Hath tempered each brand, And yet a - gain thy sto - ry We'll gild, oh Ger - man land! And

broth - er band u - nit - ed, To guard our Fa - ther - land, To guard our Fa - ther - land, To guard our Fa - ther - land.
pledge them ne'er to fal - ter, Till Des - pot wrong be stayed, Till Des-pot wrong be stayed, Till Des-pot wrong be stayed.

rock and stream give to - ken, And write our vow di - vine, And write our vow di - vine, And write our vow di - vine.
Fa - ther - land for - ev - er; Up - rise and not bow down, Up - rise and not bow down, Up - rise and not bow down.

yet a - gain thy sto - ry We'll gild, oh Ger - man land, We'll gild, oh Ger - man land, We'll gild, oh Ger-man land.

GLEE.—"The Prairie Hunt."

Arranged from the German.

1. When thunders a-main o'er the boundless plain The rout of the Prai-rie chase, What joy with the speed of the tameless steed, To

2. No cow-ard may ride on the steeds we stride, Proud foals of the mountain wind, Who spurn with disdain eve-ry ty-rant rein, And

fol-low the Buf-fa-loe's trace! Full sure is the glance of my In-dian lance, There's death in the gleam of its steel: And

leave the wild fire far be-hind. Talk not of the joy of the sai-lor boy, Tho' gai-ly his ves-sel may go, Nor

vain-ly our prize to his co-vert flies, When quick round his pathway I wheel! The prai - rie hunt, the prai - rie hunt, the prai - rie hunt for me.

babble to me of the goblet's glee, Or joys that a lov-er may know! The prai - rie hunt, the prai - rie hunt, the prai - rie hunt for me.

GLEE. — "Orb of Love."

WORDS FROM THE GERMAN.

Arranged from NAGELI.

Adagio. Alto.

1. Soft - ly glid-ing orb of love, Bend thee o'er our trysting grove, Bathe the world in mag - ic light, Charm all hearts to love to - night.

Tenor.

2. Clasp'd by thine en-circ - ling beam Joy-ous quiv-er lake and stream, Sil - ver va-pors float a-round, Fai - ries trip it o'er the ground.

3. Orb of love, thine hour pro-long; Love in-vokes his Queen in song; Light of heav-en on us pour—Par - a - dise to man re - store.

QUARTETT. — "Maple Dale."

Arranged from an Italian Melody.

Duet. Quartett.

1. Down the ma-ple dale, To - night we're go - ing, When in moonlight pale, The lake is glowing. Where the gi - ant pine His shade is throw-ing,

2. Leave, oh leave a - while, All grief be - hind us: Let but beauty's smile Come near to find us, With her mag-ic glance, Let wo - man bind us

Voice.

Fine. D. C.

There the mer - ry dance we'll twine. Tra la la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la.

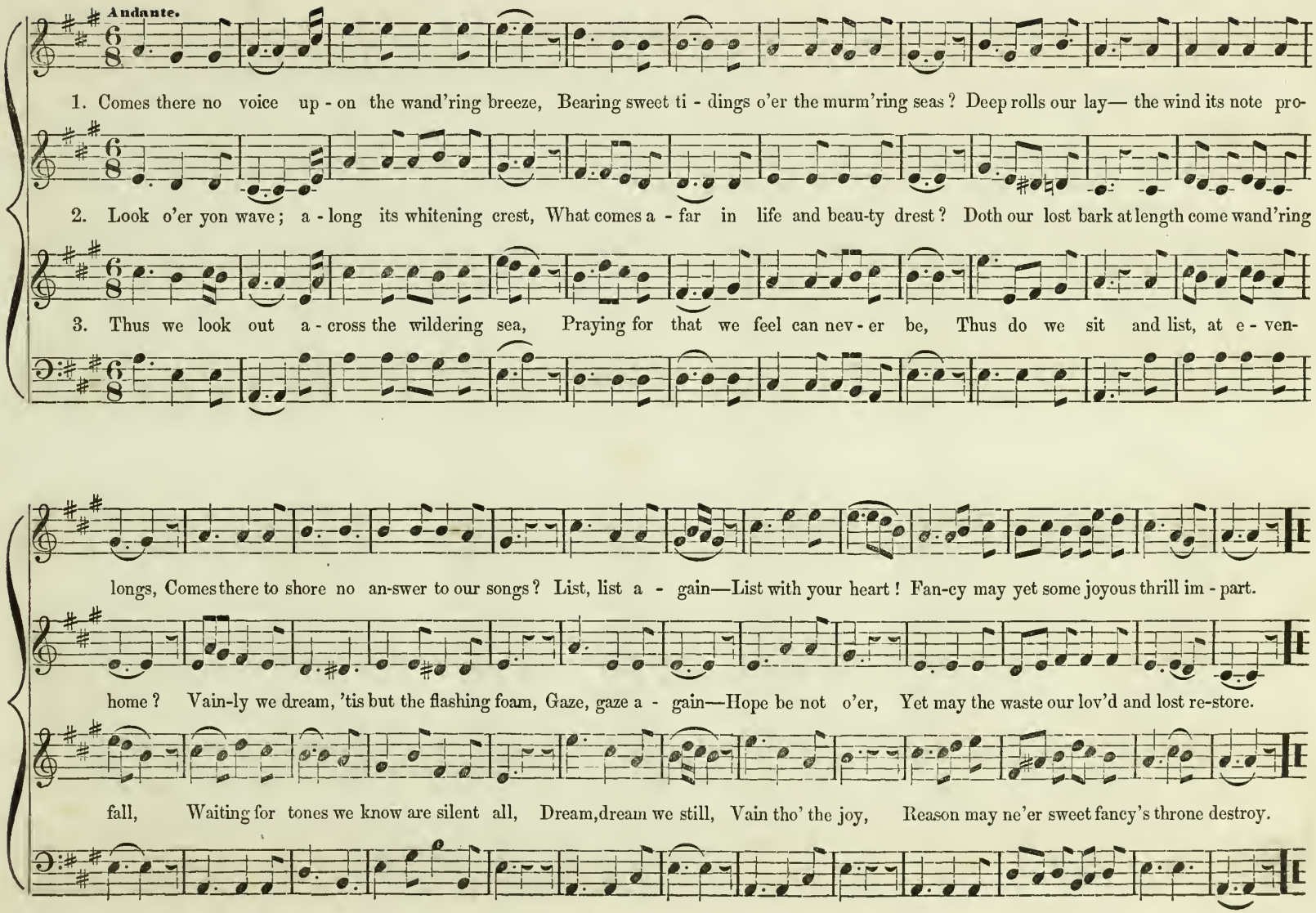
D. C.

Fine.

While she leads the grace-ful dance. Tra la la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la. . . . .

QUARTETT.—"Voices from Ocean."

AIR, 'Our way across the sea.'



QUARTETT.—"Highland Glen."

AIR, 'Though you leave me now in sorrow.'

Fine.

1. Eyes that sparkle like yon fountains, Like yon leap-ing al-pine fountains, Will ye light my Highland Glen, A-way a-mong the blue old mountains?

2. Tones like melting sunbeams flowing Soft from lips like sun-set glowing, Will ye cheer my Highland Cot, The spell of song a-round it throwing?

3. Long a - go in song thus telling All the love his bo-som swelling, Donald wooed a Highland maid To cheer and light his lone-ly dwell-ing.

Ritard. Tempo. D. C.

The sunlight laughs and glows again That falls where bright that springlet dashes, But fitter light for highland glen, From out thine eye of ha-zle flashes.

The al-pine lark a - bove that spot Will linger longest in his soaring, But fit-ter song for highland cot, Is that from out thy glad heart pouring.

And thus he won his mountain maid, While leap'd his heart half madly beating, And thus around his highland glade, Are peace and love, and pleasure meeting.

QUARTETT.—"Balmy Winds."

AIR, 'Love Not.'

1. Blow on, blow on, Ye balm-y winds of Spring, As o'er my cheek, in rud - dy youth ye strayed. What thronging dreams your

2. Beam out, beam out, Thou laughing sun of May. Your kindliest beams oh pour on youthful love, 'Twas thus of old be-

3. Flow on, flow on, Thou sil - ver leap-ing rill, To yon-der grove where chants the tuneful bird. Not one bright joy hath

ad lib.

gen - tle kis - ses bring; Thus with my locks, of old ye gai - ly play'd, Thus with my locks, of old ye gai-ly play'd ! Blow on, blow on.

neath a sky as gay, Of hope and joy my dream of life I wove, Of hope and joy my dream of life I wove, Beam out, beam out.

lost the pow'r to thrill, With which of old my beating heart was stirr'd, With which of old my beating heart was stir'd, Flow on, flow on.

QUARTETT. — "The Rose may bloom in loneliness."

1. The Rose may bloom in lone-li - ness, A - bove a des - ert grave, The star may sparkle mid the clouds, The Diamond in its cave, And

2. The Ban-quet song, the dance and glee Of Pleasure's crowd-ed shrine, May light the gloom of common woe, But not of grief like mine; My

3. And when I tread the rustling leaves Of Autumn's fad - ed grove, I call to join those hap - py walks Compan-ions from a - bove, Oh,

I, tho' joy no magic hath My sor-row to be - guile, Yet, would they leave me with the dead, In sol-i - tude might smile, In sol - i - tude might smile.

heart in none of all their joys Compan-ion-ship will own, But in the si-lent hours of night I'm nev-er left a - lone, I'm nev-er left a - lone.

when they talk of pleasures past, And joys to come re - veal, How can ye deem it strange a smile Up - on my lip will steal, Up - on my lips will steal.

QUARTETT.—"Life's Morning Stars."

AIR, 'My bark is on the billow.'

1. We mourn the eyes that answered ours, In pleasant times long gone, Mild orbs, that shone life's morning stars, And faded with its dawn. Bright eyes may droop with

2. And oft in dreams we meet their gaze When gloom the soul enshrouds, As cheering-ly they shed their rays, Like stars thro' breaking clouds. Whoe'er may frown that

3. Still glow their light, so calm, so clear, To cheer us when we grieve, And orbs, that shone life's morning stars, Still beam its stars of eve. Oh, should our spirits

maid-en shame, Or flash with kindling pow'rs, But long we yearn for those which fell More loving-ly on ours, But long we yearn for those which fell More lovingly on ours.

should have smiled, When sternly fortune low'rs, We know those kindly eyes would fall More lovingly on ours, We know those kindly eyes would fall More loving-ly on ours.

heavenward soar To purer, ho-li-er bow'rs, We know what eyes in heaven would fall Most loving-ly on ours, We know what eyes in heav'n would fall Most loving-ly on ours.

QUARTETT. — "Family Gathering."

AIR, 'Auld Lang Syne.'

Chorus.*

1. We've met a-gain around the hearth Where oft we used to come, We've gather'd from the wilds of earth To this our father's home. We'll wake again the
2. The gather'd dust of toil and care, The world hath o'er us flung, Shall vanish in the pure clear air, We breath'd when we were young. We'll wake, &c.
3. The noi - sy clang of jarring throngs Shall vex our ear no more, Nor break up-on the peaceful songs We loved and sang of yore. We'll wake, &c.
4. We'll min-gle in the old home game, With all our old - en glee. No child shall follow pleasure's flame, More gay of heart than we. We'll wake again the

joys of old, The joys of old so dear, And mem'ry with her chain of gold Shall closer bind us here.

joys of old, The joys of old so dear, And mem'ry with her chain of gold, Shall closer bind us here.

* The slurs are to be used when the *old* words are sung.

1 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind,
Should auld acquaintance be forget,
And days o' lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

2 We twa ha'e run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne.—For auld lang syne, &c.

3 We twa ha'e paidlet i' the burn,
Fra morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid ha'e roared,
Sin' auld lang syne.—For auld lang syne, &c.

4 And there's a hand my trustie feire,
And gi'es a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a right gude willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.—For auld laug syne, &c.

SOLO & CHORUS.—"Our own native Pine."

AIR, 'Adams and Liberty.'

Tenor Solo.

1. Oh, hail to the pine, to the ev - ergreen pine, The pride of our for - est, the boast of our sto - ry, A health to his tassels—still
2. Oh, hail to the pine, on our ban-ner that shone, Ere plumed was our ea - gle, or star-flags had float-ed, On field and in fortress, where
3. Oh, hail to the pine—'tis the type of the true, Where dauntless, un-bend-ing he points to the heav-en, And changeless in beau-ty, he

Quartett.

green let them shine, And long may they gleam in the rays of our glo-ry! 'Twas he to our sires upon Plymouth's bleak shore, The first shelt-er

freedom was won, The pine on our ban - ner the vic - tor de - not-ed! It march'd in the van where the mountaineers met, Its folds with the

stands where he grew, The same, tho' his form by the lightning be riv-en. He meeteth the blast when the tempest is high, Nor faints in the

Chorus. *f*

gave and the first welcome bore. Then hail to thy branches, our own na - tive pine, Like a glo - ry a - bove us thy green tassels shine!

blood of our Warren were wet! Then hail to thy branches, our own na - tive pine, Like a glo - ry a - bove us thy green tassels shine!

heat of the red summer sky. Then hail to thy branches, our own na - tive pine, Like a glo - ry a - bove us thy green tassels shine!

GLEE. — "The Muleteer."

AIR, 'List to the Convent Bells.'

Moderato.

1. Hark! what sound enchanting Peals from the haunted dell, The while Gra-na-da's mountains Smile to its mag-ic spell! By the song and laughter,

p *p* Cres.

1. Hark! what sound enchanting Peals from the haunted dell, The while Gra-na-da's mountains Smile to its mag-ic spell! By the song and laughter,

1. List! 'tis Mu-sic stealing O - ver the rippling sea, Bright yon moon is beaming Over each tow'r and tree, List! 'tis mu - sic steal-ing
2. Mu-sic sounds the sweetest When on the moonlit sea; We sail our bark, the fleetest, To a sweet melo - dy. Mu - sic sounds the sweet-est

Mer-ri-ly ring-ing clear, By the gay bells tinkling, Know we the Mu-le - teer, And when in far and quiet glades, Those silver bells they hear, With

mf *p*

Mer-ri-ly ring-ing clear, By the gay bells tinkling, Know we the Mu-le - teer, And when in far and quiet glades, Those silver bells they hear, With

O - ver the rippling sea, Bright yon moon is beaming O-ver each tow'r and tree. The waves seem list'ning to the sound, As si-lent-ly they flow, O'er
When on the moonlit sea; We sail our bark, the fleet-est. To a sweet mel-o - dy. Then, as we're gent-ly sailing, We'll sing that plaintive strain Which

song our dark eyed Spanish maids Beside the road ap - pear, By the song and laughter, Ringing deep and clear, By the gay bells tinkling,

pp

song our dark eyed Spanish maids Beside the road ap - pear, By the song and laughter, Ringing deep and clear, By the gay bells tinkling,

co - ral groves and fai - ry ground, And sparkling caves be - low. . . List! 'tis mu - sic stealing O-ver the rippling sea, Bright yon moon is beaming
memory makes en - dear - ing, And home re-calls a - gain. . . List! 'tis mu - sic stealing O-ver the rippling sea, Bright yon moon is beaming

Know we the Mu - le - teer. Yes! Yes! Yes! 'tis the Mu-le - teer. Yes! Yes! Yes! 'tis the Mu - le - teer.

mp *p* *mf*

Know we the Mu - le - teer. Yes! Yes! Yes! 'tis the Mu-le - teer. Yes! Yes! Yes! 'tis the Mu - le - teer.

O - ver each tow'r and tree. List! List! List to the Convent bells: List! List! List to the Convent bells.
O - ver each tow'r and tree. List! List! List to the Convent bells; List! List List to the Convent bells.

QUARTETT. — "The Oak on our Green."

Arranged from VON WEBER.

Lively.

1. Oh, come you to - night to the oak on our green, And tread a light measure a - round our May queen, Come with a smile, come with a lay,

2. Oh ban-ish to - night, from your brow all the gloom; Let joy with her radiance the mo-ments il - lume; Bright be your eye, bright as yon star,

Come with a heart, lightsome and gay, Let your air - y mu - sic flow, Let your gladest rap - ture glow! Oh come you to-night, to the oak on our green.

Trembling with love, beameth a-far, While the mer-ry songs we troll, Thro' the night air gai - ly roll, Oh come you to-night, to the oak on our green.

QUARTETT. — "The loveliest isle of Indian seas."

Arranged from the German.

Allegretto.

1. The love - liest isle of Indian seas, Its smile may bright - ly wear, The cloud, gray sky and leafless trees, Our rock - y mountains

2. The sweet - est ray that ev - er shone, Green I - ran's night may bear, More dear of heart thy light we own, Our fire - side's rud - dy

3. The gay - est birds with mellow notes May charm Bu - ka - ra's air, They can - not match the song that floats To charm a - way our

share! Yet home, dear home, thy smile is fair! la la la la la la la la la la la, Dear home!

glare, Oh home, dear home, thy smile is fair! la la la la la la la la la la, Dear home!

care, Oh home, dear home, thy smile is fair! la la la la la la la la la la la, Dear home!

GLEE.—"Pierrelala was only Heir."

Words from the German.

1. Now Pierre-la - la was on - ly heir To all his fa - ther had; Thou art my heir, his fa-ther said, Take eare, of the eheat-ing

2. When Pierre-la - la to the tav-ern eame, A joy - ous mate was he; The host-ess bro't her wine of fame, That Pierre-la - la might

3. When Pierre-la - la the fire be-side En - joyed his sparkling wine; A - ha, now to the wars I'll ride, And be a sol - dier

world be-ware, 'Tis well, a - ha, said Pierre-la - la! 'Tis well said Pierre-la - la!

joy - ous be, Come drink, a - ha, said Pierre-la - la, Come drink said Pierre-la - la!

brave and fine, I will, a - ha, said Pierre-la - la, I will said Pierre-la - la!

4

When Pierre-la-la with weapon bright,
A eareful sentry stood,
A man from Austria came by night
And did him little good.
I'm off, aha, said Pierre-la-la,
I'm off, said Pierre-la-la.

5

Then Pierre-la-la, on the gloomy bier
Was borne with beat of drum!
And all the belfries far and near
Went ringing—Bam bimmel bam bum!
Farewell, aha, to Pierre-la-la!
Farewell to Pierre-la-la!

QUARTETT.—"Oh! I in many climes have bowed."

AIR, 'Erin is my home.'

1. Oh! I in many climes have bow'd And knelt at beauty's shrine, And oft on sparkling eyes have vow'd, Ere those dark orbs of thine. My love hath been a weary

2. 'Twas thus the bee when morn was young, O'er varied flow'rets flew, Nor heeded where he fondly clung, And hon-ey kiss-es drew. But when the calmer hours came

bird, A dove by falcon chased, But now its home is yonder bow'r, By Cara's beauty graced! But now its home is yonder bow'r, By Cara's beau-ty graced.

on, He homeward fled in haste, As now I fly to yonder bow'r, By Cara's beauty graced! As now I fly to yonder bow'r, By Cara's beau-ty graced.

QUARTETT.—"The forsaken Church."

AIR, 'Family Bible.'

Andante con Espressione.

1. Yon grey old church, that stands a-part, For - sak - en—half o'erthrown; What teem-ing memories throng the heart Of scenes that it hath
2. When there, in ho - ly time, we knelt Be - side our grey-hair'd sires, O, how our youthful hearts we felt Lit up with sa - cred
3. They say a fair - er tem-ple now Our err-ing feet have found, And, where our sires were wont to bow, No more is ho - ly

1. This Book is all that's left me now! Tears will un - bid-den start; With faltering lip and throbbing brow, I press it to my
2. Ah! well do I re - mem-ber those Whose names these records bear; Who round the hearth-stone used to close, Af - ter the eve - ning
3. My fa - ther read this ho - ly book, To brothers, sis - ters dear; How calm was my poor moth-er's look, Who lean'd, God's word to
5. Thou tru - est friend man ev - er knew, Thy con - stan - cy I've tried; Where all were false, I've found thee true, My coun-sel - lor and

known! How many a gam-bol on its lawn, With mates now scatter'd wide! What tender trystings there at dawn, Or gent-ler e - ven - tide.

fires! Those good old men have pass'd a-way—They sleep by yonder hill, But where of old, they came to pray, Their spir-it lingers still.

ground. But ne'er the soul so deep-ly thrills As when we wander there; For highest con - se - cra-tion fills Our Father's house of prayer!

heart; For ma - ny gen - e - ra-tions pass'd, Here is our fam-ily tree; My mother's hands this Bi - ble clasp'd; She, dy-ing, gave it me.
prayer, And speak of what these pa - ges said, In tones my heart would thrill! Tho' they are with the si - lent dead, Here are they liv - ing still;
hear. Her an - gel face, I see it yet! What thronging mem'ries come! A-gain that lit - tle group is met With-in the walls of home.
guide. The mines of earth no treasure give, That could this vol-ume buy; In teach-ing me the way to live, It taught me how to die.

QUARTETT. — "Our boat adown the stream."

AIR, "Fairy Bells."

Con espressione.

1. Our boat adown the stream went sweeping light-ly, What time the morning beam was pouring bright-ly. Charm'd by music's tone, with swift and swan - like motion,

2. The golden sun at noon was all be - cloud - ed, The az-ure sky of morn in dark-ness shroud-ed; Lightnings lit our path — the stream went wild - ly dash-ing,

3. Our life a-down the tide of time is sweep-ing, Its moments smoothly glide, while youth is sleeping; Swift o'er pleasure's wave our bark of youth is speed-ing,

That bon-nie bark went gliding to the o-cean, Mer-ri - ly, merri-ly, mer-ri - ly it danced, Merrily, merri - ly, mer-ri - ly it danced, As gai-ly down the stream it glanc'd.

That streamlet fair, but late so brightly flashing, Mer-ri - ly, merri - ly, mer-ri - ly and gay, Merrily, mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly and gay, The stream that flash'd in morning ray.

To stormier seas, the dark unknown, unheeding, Mer-ri - ly, merri- ly, mer-ri, ly they glide, Merrily, mer-ri - ly mer-ri - ly they glide, Our moments down time's restless tide.

GLEE.—"The Sailor's Farewell."

AIR, 'Happy Land.'

1. Mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly, While rides our bark the wa-ters blue, Cheer-i - ly, cheer-i - ly We bid the land a - dieu. Far, while grove and

2. Fare ye well! fare ye well! But when o'er seas a - far we roam, Still shall dwell, ev - er dwell The sai-lor's thought on home. Store of gems and

haunted dale Fade in boundless o - eean, Sai - lor hearts in joy will hail, The foamy waves' com-mo - tion, Oh! Mer - ri - ly,

In-dian shells Gay and bright we'll bring you, And in palm-y is - land dells, Oh, dearest friends, we'll sing you. Oh! mer - ri - ly,

mer-ri - ly, While we speed us far a-way, Cheer-i - ly, cheer-i - ly, You'll hear our part-ing lay, Hil - li - o ho, Hil-li - o

mer-ri - ly, When our bark a - gain is near, Cheer-i - ly, cheer-i - ly Our welcome song you'll hear, Hil - li - o ho, Hil-li - o

ho, You'll hear our mer-ry part - ing . . lay, Hil - li - o ho, Hil - li - o ho, You'll hear our mer - ry part-ing lay.

ho, Our mer-ry welcome song . . you'll hear, Hil - li - o ho, Hil - li - o ho, Our mer-ry wel-come song you'll hear.

QUARTETT. — "The Indian Mother."

AIR, 'Peaceful Slumbering.'

Andante.

1. While the west - ern Zeph-yr, sigh - ing, Swayed her ba - by's era - dle tree, An In - dian moth - er, 'neath it ly - ing,

2. "Sleep, my child, all dan - ger stay - ing, Man - i - tou watch o - ver thee!" The In - dian moth - er, ev - er pray-ing,

3. Man - i - tou, his an - gels send-ing, Guard - ed well her cra - dle tree, The smil - ing Lord from glo - ry bend-ing,

1. Peace - ful slumb'ring on the o - cean, Sea - men fear no dan - ger nigh; The winds and waves in gen - tle mo - tion,
2. Is the wind tem - pes-tuous blow-ing, Still no dan - ger they des - cry; The guile-less heart its boon be - stow - ing,

p ad lib.

Sung her na - tive lul - la - by, ... Sung her na - tive lul - la - by, lul - la - by.

Car - roll'd thus her lul - la - by, ... Car-roll'd thus her lul - la - by, lul - la - by.

Hears a moth-er's lul - la - by, lul-la - by, lul-la-by, lul-la-by, lul-la-by, Hears a moth - er's lul - la - by, lul - la - by.

Soothe them with their lul - la - by, ... Soothe them with their lul - la - by, lul - la - by.
Soothes them with its lul - la - by, ... Soothes them with its lul - la - by, lul - la - by.

GLEE. — "Take thy Harp."

Arranged from ANDRE.

f

1. Take thy harp! O take thy harp, And, while yon weary orb descends And zephyr round us floats, O sing the vesper song, that blends so sweetly with its

2. Take thy harp! fair Queen of song, And let thy flying fingers sweep Its raptur'd chords along! 'Twill bid the mourning hearts that weep, With angel hope grow

3. Take thy harp! while day-light dies, And sing the song, whose magic strain Bids all sweet mem'ries rise, While on its chords shall dwell again Dear tones from Para-

notes, Till our bosoms own the power, Music wields at twilight's hour, Till our bosoms own the power, Music wields at twilight's hour, Music wields at twilight's hour.

strong, While with tears they bless the power, Music wields at twilight's hour, While with tears they bless the power, Music wields at twilight's hour, Music wields at, &c.

dise; Wake, then, wake the magic power, Music wields at twilight's hour, Wake, then, wake the magic power, Music wields at twilight's hour, Music wields at twilight's hour.

QUARTETT.—"By the Radiant Star."

AIR, 'My Father Land.'

Allegretto.

1. By the ra-diant star of glo - ry, glo - ry led, You'll wan-der far from me, Nor think, nor think while laurel decks thy head, How

2. In the state-ly halls of pride, of pride you'll smile On many a haughty dame, Nor spare, nor spare one wand'ring thought the while, For

fair love's gar-land, gar-land rose might be; And yet I bid thee bravely on To the path I may not share, Till the goal at last be proudly

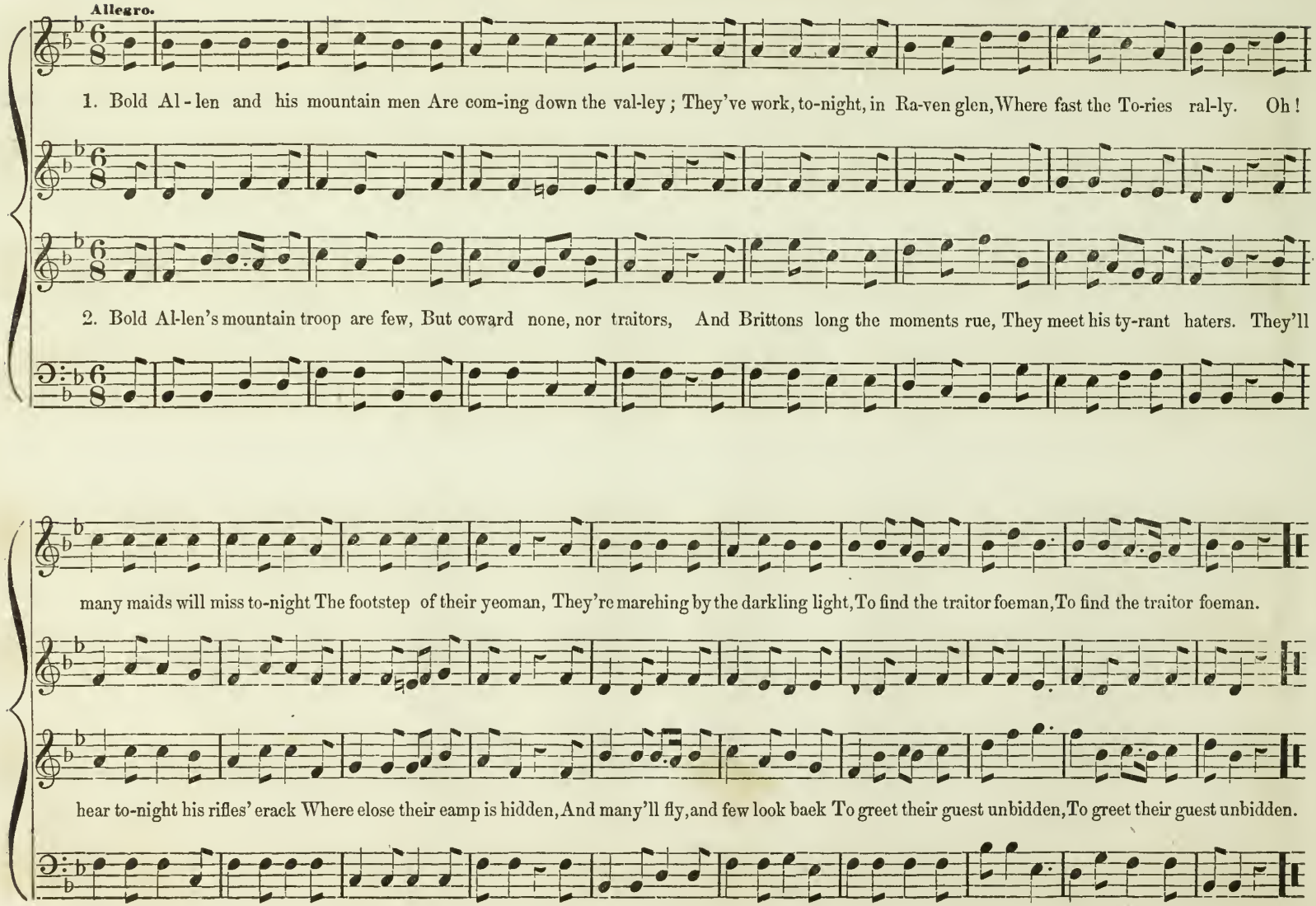
her who humbly, humbly breathes thy name; And yet I bid thee gai - ly rove, And life's full goblet drain, From the sparkling joys that gleam a-

won, And the prize thou deem'st so fair! But when thy wea - ry head shall find Each trophied garland vain, With a sweeter wreath thy brow I'll bind And

bove To the bit-ter dregs of pain. But when the great for - get to praise, Nor gorgeous dames adore, With your old-en smile, you'll list my lays, And

charm thee home a - gain. La la la la

GLEE. — "Bold Allen and his mountain men."



SERENADE.—"All is still."

Arranged from NAGELI.

Alto.

1. All is still, no voi - ces wake On all the charmed air—No mur - murs break; No song, nor voice is there— Save but where peals our lone

Tenor.

2. Calm and clear, looks down the while Blue night with tender eyes, And Di - an's smile On all a-round us lies; Bending low hear our lone

3. Summer nights will brief - ly fleet, But ere glad hours be flown, With smile more sweet, The world of beau - ty crown; While more gay peals our lone

lay, Oh La - dy fair, to thee, While the winds stay their wild way, To lis - ten si - lent - ly, Lis - ten si - - - lent - ly.

lay, Oh La - dy fair, to thee, While the winds stay their wild way, To lis - ten si - lent - ly, si - - lent - ly.

lay, Oh La - dy fair, to thee, While the winds stay their wild way, To lis - ten si - lent - ly, Lis - ten si - lent - ly.

GLEE. — "Silvery Light."

AIR, "O'er the waters gliding."

Allegretto.

1. Silvery light a - bove us, And sil-very snow be - low, Clasp'd by those who love us, To sil - very chimes we go. By tone and glance en-

2. Silvery light to guide us, O'er crinkling sil - ver snow, Those we love be - side us, We glow, with joy we glow! Oh! June, with warmer

dear - ing, What trembling tales are told, When sights and sounds so cheering, The fearful heart make bold.

splendor, The bo-som may de - light, But hours of joy more ten - der, Make dear the winter night.

1 O'er the waters gliding,
Our bark pursues her way,
Onward nobly riding,
Beneath the twilight ray;
The stars will soon shine o'er us,
And cast their gentle light,
Upon the waves before us,
To guide us through the night.

2 Summer's breath is blowing
Upon our snow-white sail,
The tide is sweetly flowing
Towards our native vale;
When day is fast awaking,
Along the smiling main,
We'll see the sunlight breaking,
Above our homes again.

GLEE. — "A Hunter bold from Hartz."

WORDS FROM THE GERMAN.

Allegretto.

1. A Hun - ter bold from Hartz, Who winds at morn his mel - low horn! Now here the game he starts, Now off, now off he'll
2. Now bring my coal-black steed, And give me here my hunt-ing gear A hun - ter bold I'll speed Where'er the hound may
3. A joy like that of mine No gold be - stows, no lord - ling knows, No glee like that hath wine, No rap - ture beau-ty's
4. Oh, yet we'll ride and roam Till cuck-oo's call at e - ven - fall Shall sweet-ly warn us home! And when our cot is

fly! Hu ha, hu ha, Ha far a-round the peal-ing sound Is borne a - long the sky, Is borne a - long the sky.
cry— Hu ha, hu ha, Ha far a-round the peal-ing sound Is borne a - long the sky, Is borne a - long the sky.
eye. Hu ha, hu ha, Ha far a-round the peal-ing sound Is borne a - long the sky, Is borne a - long the sky.
nigh. Hu ha, hu ha, Yet far a-round our peal-ing sound Shall roll a - long the sky, Shall roll a - long the sky.

QUARTETT.—"Woodland Home."

AIR, 'Blue Bell of Scotland.'

1. There's joy, oh! there's joy where the gal-lant hun-ters roam; There's peace and there's love in the hun-ter's woodland home! Then oh

2. And ho for the maid of the gal-lant hun-ters love! Long, long may they dwell by the streamlet in the grove! Let the

3. Then ho, and oh ho for a life in woodland glade! Oh ho, and oh ho for the mer-ry for-est maid! You may

ho the free greenwood, and the hun-ter's mer-ry life, For the spoil that is won in the toil with pleas-ure rife!

bold de-fend the fair, and the fair re-ward the brave, While the oak and the pine o'er their for-est home shall wave!

wan-der wea-ry leagues, you may roam for many a mile, But you'll ne'er find a prize like the wel-come of her smile!

QUARTETT. — "Oh, breathe no sound of Pleasure."

AIR, 'Bonnie Doon.'

1. Oh breathe no sound of pleasure born, Tho' sweetly break the summer morn, Nor bid me forth in joy to stray, With ma-tin song and roundelay, But

2. Nor breathe one song of vain delight, Tho' soft - ly fall the summer night, But o'er my broken spir - it pour A strain more sad than those of yore! Tho'

1. Ye banks and braes of bon-nie Doon, How can ye bloom sa fresh and fair? How can ye chaunt ye lit - tle birds, While I'm so wae and full o' care? Ye'll
2. Oft have I roamed by bon-nie Doon, To see the rose and woodbine twine, Where ilka bird sung o'er its note, And cheer-ful-ly I join'd with mine. Wi'
3. Ye ros - es blaw your bonnie blooms, And draw the wild birds by the burn, For Luman promised me a ring, And ye maun aid me should I mourn. Ah!
4. My Lu-man's love, in brok-en sighs, At dawn of day by Doon ye'se hear; And mid-day, by the wil-low green, For him I'd shed a si-lent tear. Sweet

lead me where our lost ones sleep, And while you roam o'er field and brake, Oh leave me there a-lone to weep O'er one whom morn may never wake.

joys we loved of old be fled, A calm-er hope may o'er us steal, As light the sunshine nev - er shed, The sad - der stars of night re-veal.

break my heart, ye lit - tle birds, That wan-der thro' that flow'ring thorn, Ye mind me of de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed nev - er to re-turn.
heartsome glee i' pu'd a rose, Fu' sweet up - on its thor-ny tree; But my false love has flown the rose, But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.
na, na, na, ye need na mourn, My een are dim and drowsy worn; Ye bon-nie birds ye need na sing, For Lu - man nev - er can re - turn.
birds, I ken ye'll pi - ty me, And join me wi' a plaintive sang, While echo wakes and joins the mane I make for him I lo'ed so lang.

QUARTETT. — "False, false, others may leave me."

AIR, 'Thou reign'st in this bosom.'

1. False, false, oth-ers may leave me, Friends, once, turn from me now, Still, still, tho' they deceive me, Fail me not, fail me not

2. Far, far, borne o'er the o-cean, Swift, swift, love, let us fly! There, there, joy-ous e-mo-tion Gently shall banish each

thou! Yes, yes, yes, yes, Haunts that were dear I re-sign, Still, still, still, still, Love shall not fail me in thine!

sigh! There, there, there, there, Love-light and joy-light shall vie, There, there, there, there, Nought but delight shall be nigh.

QUARTETT.—"There's a light round our native land."

AIR, 'Happy Land.'

1. There's a light round our na - tive land, That shines o'er the world, And it cheer-eth the brave who stand With

2. There's a light on our mountains lit, Like Beth - le - hem's star; On the tribes that in dark-ness sit, It

3. There's a light thro' our val - leys shed To stran - gers un-known, Where the graves of our na - tion's dead, With

Fine.

D. C.

ban - ners un - furl'd. Glad, glad, here they turn, Kindled by our pat-riot sires, Where flash freedom's fires, Long, long to burn.

beam-eth a - far. Light, light, from on high, Kindled by our Pilgrim sires, Beam our al - tar fires, Ne'er, ne'er to die.

ver - dure are strown. Light, light mild and pure, Kindled in the si - lent past, Round our vales is cast, Long to en - dure.

QUARTETT.—"Love's Flight o'er the Sea."

AIR, 'Banks of the blue Moselle.'

Moderato.

1. From the land, where love lies bound in chains, Or yields to a ty-rant's pow'r, We fly to make, on happier plains Far

mp

2, From the pal - aee halls of ti-tled slaves, Love flies to a freeman's eot, And braves the rage of win-ter waves, To

1. When the glow - worm gilds the el - fin flow'r, That clings round the ru-ined shrine, Where first we met, where first we loved, And
2. If the cares of life should shade thy brow, Yes, yes, in our na - tive bow'rs, My lute and heart might best accord, To

o'er the sea our bow'r. And while the stars, that gleam a - bove, Re - flect - ed, shine be - low, O'er the sea we'll dash, where the

Cres.

p

bless some hum - ble spot. Then while, o'er gent-ly roll - ing seas, The summer zeph - yrs blow, O'er the sea we'll dash, where the

I con - fess'd me thine; 'Tis there I'll fly to meet thee still, At sound of ves - per bell, In the star - ry light of a
tell of hap - pier hours; Yes, there I'll soothe thy griefs to rest, Each sigh of sor - row quell, In the star - ry light of a

bil - lows flash, O'er the sea we'll dash, where the bil - lows flash In the light of the phosphors' glow, . . In the

Cres. *f*

bil - lows flash, O'er the sea we'll dash, where the bil - lows flash In the light of the phosphors' glow, . . In the

sum - mer night, In the star - ry light of a sum - mer night, On the banks of the blue Mo - selle, . . . On the
sum - mer night, In the star - ry light of a sum - mer night, On the banks of the blue Mo - selle, . . . On the

light of the phos - phors' glow, O'er the sea we'll dash, where the bil - lows flash In the light of the phosphors' glow.

Dim. *p* Cres. *f* *p*

light of the phos - phors' glow, . . . O'er the sea we'll dash, where the bil - lows flash In the light of the phosphors' glow.

banks of the blue Mo - selle, ... In the star - ry light of a sum - mer night, On the banks of the blue Mo - selle.
banks of the blue Mo - selle, ... In the star - ry light of a sum - mer night, On the banks of the blue Mo - selle.

QUARTETT. — "The Minstrel's Requiem."

1. The harp is broke, the voice is hush'd, And cold the minstrel's glow; The song that like a fountain gush'd, For us hath ceased to flow; 'Tis

2. When swept those spirit tones a-long, How Feeling own'd her lord; Now bidding myriad passions throng, Then all to peace be awed; It

gone! the soul in song that dwelt With pow'r all hearts to know, Now speaking eve-ry joy we felt, And now our deep-est woe.

made the slumb'ring soul upstart, As though a trumpet peal'd, Or now to Love's un-conscious heart, Its own deep thought re-veal'd.

GLEE. — "When rosy twilight lingers."

Arranged from ROSSINI.

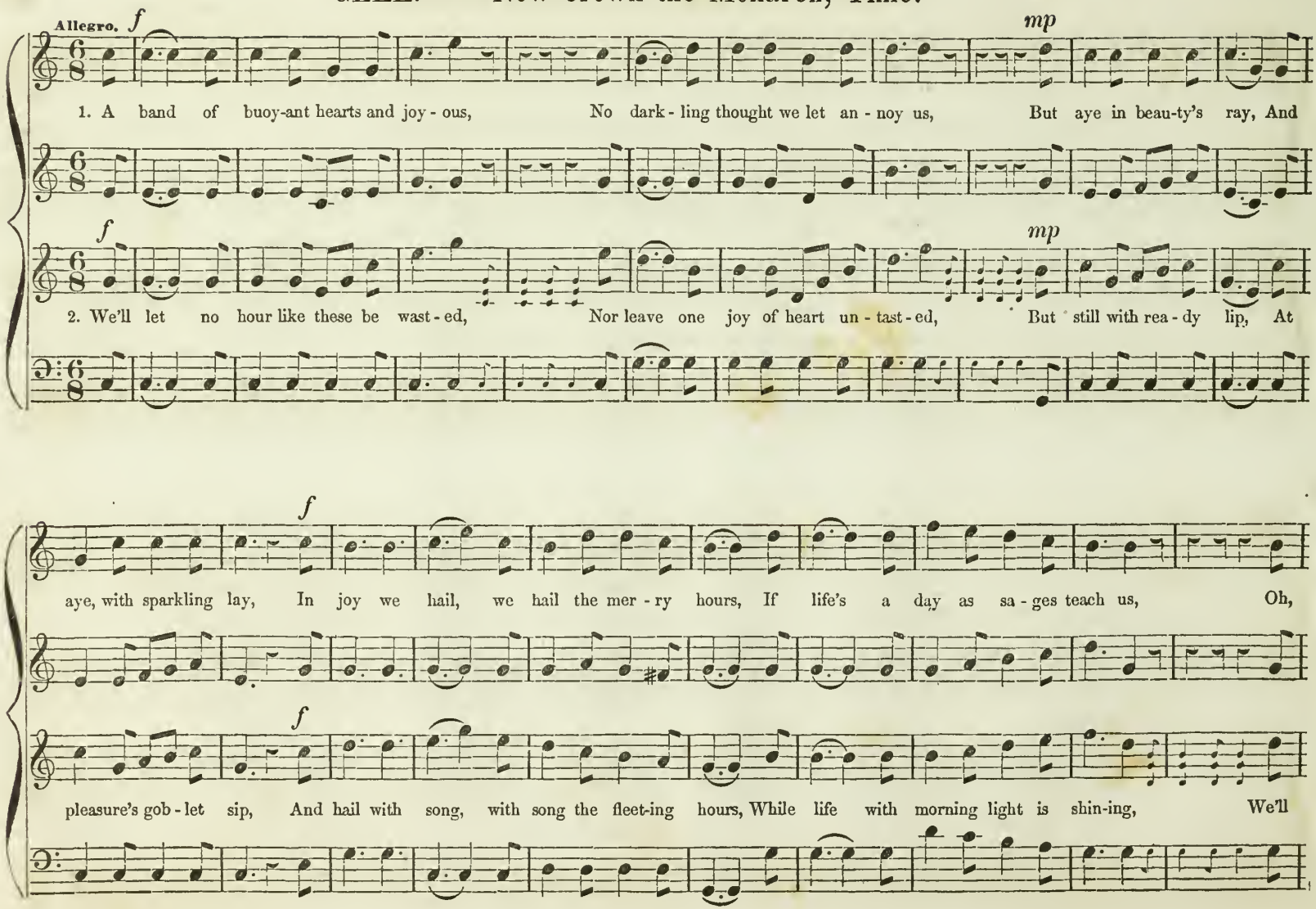
1. When ro - sy twilight lingers A - long the west-ern sky, With weary arms, but cheerful, Our dripping oars we ply. Since the morn awoke from

2. Where starlike tapers glimmer, The welcome night re - pays The boatman's hour of la-bor, Thro' toiling summer days, Here our dear reward we

sleep, Still we've plied the measured oar; Evening shadows o'er us creep, Brothers, row to yonder shore.

reap. When the sultry heat is o'er; Evening shadows o'er us creep, Brothers, row to yonder shore.

GLEE.—"Now crown the Monarch, Time."



let it shine till night shall reach us. Now crown the monarch, Time, With myr-tle, bay and thyme, And sing and strew his

cloud its ray with no re-pin-ing. But crown the monarch, Time, With myr-tle, bay and thyme, And sing and strew his

way with fragrant flowers. Now crown the monarch, Time, With myrtle, bay and thyme, And sing and strew his way with fragrant flowers.

Now crown the monarch, Time, With myrtle, bay and thyme, And sing and strew his way with fragrant flowers.

way with fragrant flowers. Now crown the monarch, Time, With myrtle, bay and thyme, And sing, and strew his way with fragrant flowers.

GLEE. — "Indian War Song."

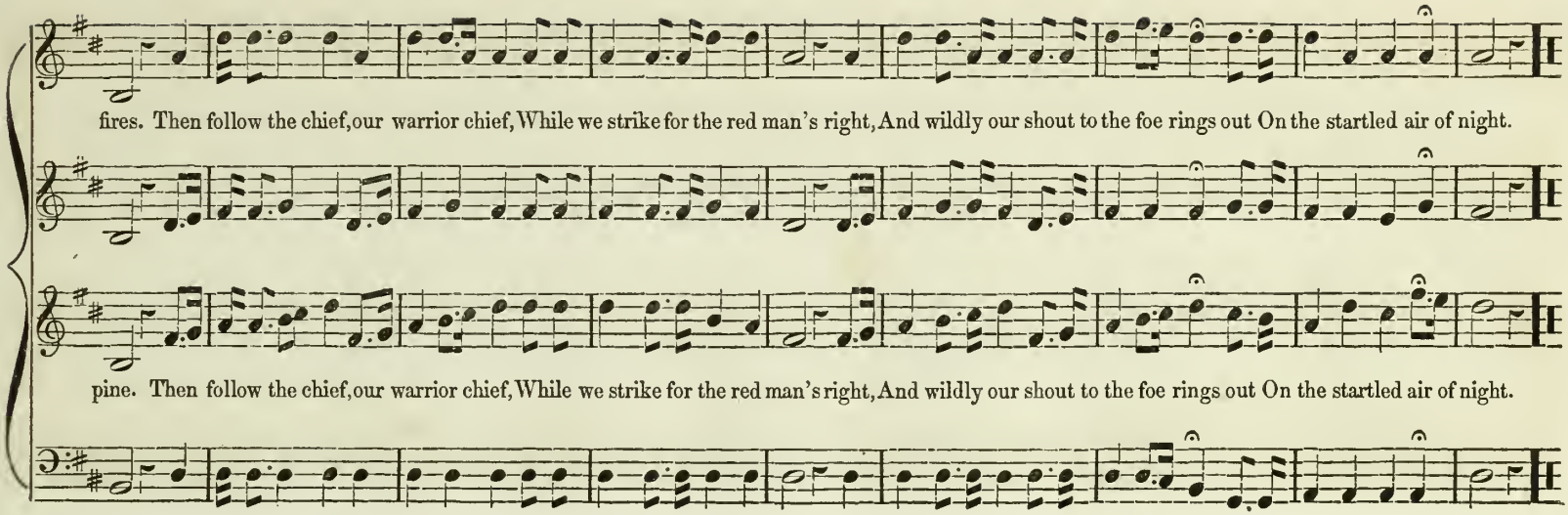
AIR, 'Brave Old Oak.'

1. We fol-low the chief, our war-rior chief, And we strike for the red man's right, While fiercely our shout to the foe rings out On the startled air of

2. For ma-ny an age our tribe has reign'd, O'er the plain, o'er the vale and hill; The grove and the town, they were all our own, And we swear they shall be

night, For firm-ly we stand for our for-est land, And the graves of our burried sires, And the light of life shall be quench'd in strife, Ere the light of our council

still! At eve in the glades shall our dark hair'd maids With the youth of our braves recline, And our warrior song shall the winds prolong, Thro' the oak and the dark green



BRAVE OLD OAK.

1

A song for the Oak, the brave old Oak,
  Who hath ruled in the greenwood long;
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
  And his fifty arms so strong!
There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down,
  And the fire in the west fades out,
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
  When storms through his branches shout.
Then sing to the Oak, the brave old Oak,
  Who stands in his pride alone,
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
  When a hundred years are gone.

2

In the days of old when the spring with gold,
  Was lighting his branches grey,
Through the grass at his feet crept maidens sweet,
  To gather the dew of May;
And all that day to the rebeck gay,
  They frolicked with lovesome swains:
They are gone—they are dead—in the churchyard laid;
  But the tree he still remains.
Then sing to the Oak, the brave old Oak,
  Who stands in his pride alone,
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
  When a hundred years are gone.

GLEE. — "The Styrian Exile."

Words from the German.

1. Tho' my feet may roam from my Alpine home, Still my heart is thine, dear Sty-rian land, And I turn in sleep where the Chamois leap, And my
2. Well the path he knows where the gla-cier glows, And the tor-rent thunders down the vale, While the mountaineer, to the ech-oes clear, From the
3. With my wea-ry flock on the mos-sy rock, Oft I lay at balm-y e - ven - tide, Till my huntsman's shout from the cliff rang out, And my
4. Now I dream me there in my na - tive air, Where the mountain shadow dark-ly lies, But the dream takes flight with the fly-ing night, And you

brave love leads his fearless band. La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.
eraig gives back his answering hail.

weleome home in song replied. La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

won-der that the Styrian sighs. La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

GLEE.—"Hearts of joy."

Arranged in part from VON WEBER.

f Allegretto. *mp*

1. Hearts of joy, light and gay, Make our life a flowery way. Even-ing here, the morn-ing there, Wood and field our love shall share,

f *mp*

2. Free from care, free from tears, Laughing each new morn appears, Mer-ry song a-round us flows, Love his sweetest wreath bestows.

f

Hearts of joy, light and gay, Make our life a flowery way. La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

f

Free from care, free from tears, Laughing each new morn appears. La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

QUINTETT.—"Körner's Battle Prayer."

Words from the German of T. KÖRNER. Arranged from HIMMEL.

Alto.

1. Fa-ther, on Thee I call! Dark-ly the clouds of the bat-tle surround me, Fiercely the sword of the foe flash-es round me!

1st Tenor.

2. Fa-ther, be Thou my guide! Lead me to death or to vic-to-ry lead me, Where'er the cause of my coun-try may need me!

2d Tenor.

3. Fa-ther, Thy pow'r I own! As in the fall of the leaves in the For-est, So when we yield to the war's i-ron Tempest

1st Bass.

2d Bass.

God of the bat-tle, on Thee I call, Fa-ther, be Thou my guide.

Lord, where Thou wilt, but be Thou my guide, Fa-ther, Thy pow'r I own!

Foun-tain of glo-ry, Thy pow'r I own, Fa-ther, Oh bless Thy son.

4

Father, oh bless Thy son!
Calmly my life to Thy hand I deliver,
Be Thou its Guardian as Thou wast its giver,
Living or dying, yet bless Thy son!
Father, for this I pray.

5

Father, to Thee I pray,
'Tis for no treasures of earth we're contending,
Holiest of rights with the sword we're defending,
Victor or vanquished to Thee I pray!
Battling I dare to pray.

QUARTETT. — "Bright Bird."

Arranged from the German.

Andante. *p*

1. Bright bird, in fair - er clime than ours, Thy ra - diant wing was plumed, Thy lay was taught in trop - ic bow'rs Where gay the or - ange
2. Tho' lone thy yearn-ing spir - it pine, Thro' clear - er skies to roam, Sing on to hearts that long, like thine, To reach a pur - er

3. Tho' now the south with plain-tive sigh, Re - proach thy tru - ant wing, Yet once a - gain oh, ere thou fly, New rap - ture o'er us

4. Fly on—we dare not bid thee stay, Tho' long we'll miss thy tone; Oh! fly as we would haste a - way, Were thy free wings our

Rall. *pp*

bloomed, Yet here, bright bird, sing on, sing on, sing on.
home! Sing on, bright bird, sing on, sing on, sing on.

fling: Then fly, bright bird, fly on, fly on, fly on.

own. Fly on, bright bird, fly on, fly on, fly on.

DREAM ON.

1 Dream on, in life's bright rosy day,
When hope is deck'd with flowers,
When all is gladsome as the ray,
Which shines o'er beauty's bowers.
Dream on.

2 Dream on, when riper years have come,
O'ershading with their wings,
Each idol of the heart's deep home
To which the memory clings.
Dream on.

3 Dream on, in spite of coming years
That hasten to destroy;
And bury, 'mid the tide of tears,
All trace of present joy.
Dream on.

4 Dream on, upon the waking soul,
Hope's rainbow hues are cast;
And waves of blissful sunlight, roll
Upon the darksome past.
Dream on.

GLEE. — "To horse, gallant comrades."

Arranged from the German.

A la marche.

1. To horse, gal-lant comrades, up, mount and a-way, While the trumpet of freedom is pealing! On, on, to the fields where in hos-tile array, The

2. The lips that we love, bade us forth to the field, And their songs with our bugles are blended, Unbless'd by their smiles be the cowards, who yield Till the

3. Then on, till the bat - tle of freedom be won, And her pae-ans in triumph be swelling, And long, when the warfare of life shall be done, Will our

squadrons of Aus-tria are wheeling, And the banners that wave, o'er the ty-rant and slave, Shall be trampled, ere night, by the feet of the brave.

chain of the ty - rant be rend-ed. And the banners that wave, o'er the ty-rant and slave, Shall be trampled, ere night, by the feet of the brave.

sons of the sto - ry be tell-ing, When the banners that waved o'er the ty-rant and slave, Were trampled in dust by the feet of the brave.

GLEE. — "The Reaper's Hymn."

AIR, 'O come, come away.'

1. Oh, joy! for the land Of garnered fruits o'er - flow - ing, Of teem-ing plains and golden grains, Oh, joy to the land!

2. Your praise, brothers, bring For autumn's flowing treas-ures, For gold-en rays of summer days, And showers of the spring!

3. Then come, reapers, sing, No ty-rant arm is o'er us, The fields we've sown were all our own, Oh, grate-ful - ly sing!

1. Oh! come, come a - way, from la - bor now re - pos - ing, Let bu - sy care a - while for-bear, Oh! come, come a - way.
2. From toil, and the cares on which the day is clos - ing, The hour of eve brings sweet re-preive, Oh! come, come a - way.
3. While sweet Phi - lo - mel, the wea - ry trav'-ller cheer-ing, With evening songs her note prolongs, Oh! come, come a - way.
4. The bright day is gone; the moon and stars ap - pear - ing, With sil - ver light il - lume the night, Oh! come, come a - way.

And be his grate-ful prais-es peal'd, Who bade the earth her increase yield, And gave each fruit-ful field, Oh! praise, praise his hand!

We're bear-ing home the glo-rious spoil, We've gathered on our na-tive soil, We've won by hon-est toil, Oh! joy - ful - ly sing!

And when we take their fruit and grain, Our souls are free from rob-ber stain, With heart and voice a - gain; Then praise, brothers, bring.

Come, come our so - cial joys re - new, And there, where trust and friendship grew, Let true hearts welcome you, Oh! come, come a - way.
Oh! come where love will smile on thee, And round its hearth will gladness be, And time fly mer - ri - ly, Oh! come, come a - way.
In answering songs of sym-pa - thy, We'll sing in tune-ful har - mo - ny Of Hope, Joy, Lib - er - ty, Oh! come, come a - way.
Come, join your prayers with ours, ad - dress Kind Heaven, our peaceful home to bless With Health, Hope, Hap-pi-ness, Oh! come, come a - way.

QUARTETT. — "She bloomed with the roses of Beauty."

1. She bloomed with the ros - es of beauty in May, But she fades with the leaf and the flower, Like the blossoms that glow in the

2. Her song was the sweetest that welcomed the June, But the wood bird now car-rols a - lone; Like the ca - dence that clos - es some

sum - mer's last ray, Yet she smiles in her young dy-ing hour. But the flow-ers of Earth shall in Par - a - dise bloom As they

sweet flow-ing tune Comes the sound of her last dy-ing tone. For she breathes the low song that so oft we have heard, From her

twined round her pathway while here, For there's nought shall be lost, when we pass thro' the tomb, That in time to the pure heart was dear.

harp on a calm Sabbath even. Like the murmur of winds with some far - soar-ing bird, With her voice chimes the mu-sic of Heaven.

QUARTETT.—"Lowland Exile's Lament."

Words from the German. Arranged from the German.

1. Home to my low-land lea, Would I might fly! Far from these frowning pines, Where smile the trailing vines There to my native lea, Home would I hie!
2. There on the smiling plain, All, all is fair. Fair is the sky above, Fairer the woodland grove, When shall their smile again Joy to me bear.
3. Cold are their highland hearts, Cold as their snows. Harsh as their mountain storms, Kindly no bosom warms; Friendship no thrill imparts, Passion ne'er glows.
4. But on the sun-ny lea Love hath his home! Free-ly true hearts unite, Love sheds his dear delight; There o'er my native lea, Would I might roam.

SOLO & CHORUS.—"The Christmas Bells."

AIR, 'Sparkling and bright.'

1. Hark to the bells, the Christmas bells, Come again with their old-en voi - ces; The air rebounds to the joyous sounds, And the waking world re-

2. Joy now to Earth and chainless mirth, All the rev-els of yore re - peat-ing, Let hands be press'd, and our neighbor blest With the old and kind-ly

Solo.

3. Joy is our king, and care takes wing, The staidest must now be jol - ly; The coldest prude, if her lip be wooed, May be won beneath the

Chorus.

joic - es. Then ho, the chimes, the merry chimes, On Christmas day at morn-ing, To welcome the blaze of the festal rays, That bright in the East are

greeting. And bless the chimes, the merry chimes, On Christmas day at morn-ing, To welcome the blaze of the festal rays, That bright in the East are

hol - ly. Then ho, the chimes, the merry chimes, On Christmas day at morn-ing, To welcome the blaze of the festal rays, That bright in the East are

dawning, Then ho, the chimes, the merry chimes, On Christmas day at morning. To welcome the blaze of the festal rays, That bright in the East are dawning.

dawning, And bless the chimes, the merry chimes, On Christmas day at morning. To welcome the blaze of the festal rays, That bright in the East are dawning.

dawning, Then ho, the chimes, the merry chimes, On Christmas day at morning. To welcome the blaze of the festal rays, That bright in the East are dawning.

CHORUS. — "When dazzling day is over."

Arranged from DONIZETTI.

Allegro. *mp*

1. When dazzling day Is o - ver, How sweet to stray, A Ro-ver, And ponder as we wander, On what the night winds

mp

2. What joy-ous light, De-scending, To earth its way Is bend-ing, With beaming like the gleaming On an - gel wings that

f *p*

say. But far more sweet When chancing, Some form to meet, En-trane - ing, Light-ly through the twi - light steal-ing, To our star - ry

f *p*

play. Then hopes and dreams Ely-sian, Will cheat the youthful vis - - ion, O'er the world be - fore us throwing, Rays of glo - ry

Cres. *f* *f*

tryst - ing bow'r, Light - ly through the twi - light steal-ing, To . . our star - ry, our starry trysting bow'r, Doubly

Cres. *f*

not its own: O'er the world be - fore us throwing, Rays of glo - ry, of glo-ry not its own; Then what

p Cres.

fraught with raptur'd feel-ing, Then will glow the sparkling hour ! Doubly fraught with raptur'd feeling, Then will glow the sparkling hour ! Doubly

p Cres.

mag-ic mu - sic flow-ing, Poureth round its sy-ren tone, Then what mag - ic mu - sic flowing, Poureth round its sy - ren tone, Then what

fraught with raptur'd feeling, Then will glow the sparkling hour, Then will glow the sparkling hour, the sparkling hour, the sparkling hour.....

ff

magic music flowing, Poureth round its syren tone, Poureth round its sy-ren tone, its sy - ren tone, its sy - ren tone.....

QUARTETT. — "The Wife's Harp."

AIR, "Light of other days."

1. I breathe no sigh for wealth de - part-ed, Nor mourn for splen-dors flown, But rise, to com - bat stronger hearted, The world whose power I've

2. Sweet memories, on its chords are dwelling, I can - not bid de - part, Of tones, that, 'mid its mu-sic swell-ing, Went thrill-ing to my

3. That harp hath been the dearest treasure, With - in my splen-did dome; For ma - ny years its gen-tle measure Hath been my wel-come

known; I ask no oth - er cherish'd to - ken Of all that once was mine, But the harp, my dear one's songs have hallowed, Oh bid me not re-

heart, When murmur'd words in song half taught me, The minstrel's heart was mine; Oh, the harp, my youthful love hath hallowed, I can-not now re-

home; And still the true, the faith-ful heart - ed, Will wake its tones be - nign, And the harp my dear one's songs have hallowed, I can - not now re

sign, But the harp, my dear ones songs have hal - - lowed, Oh bid me not re-sign.

sign, Oh, the harp, my youthful love hath hal - - lowed, I can - not now re-sign.

sign, And the harp, my dear ones songs have hal - - lowed, I can - not now re-sign.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS

1 The light of other days is faded,
And all their glories past,
For grief, with heavy wing, hath shaded
The hopes too bright to last;
The world which morning's mantle clouded,
Shines forth with purer rays;
But the heart ne'er feels in sorrow shrouded,
The light of other days:
But the heart ne'er feels in sorrow shrouded,
The light of other days.

2 The leaf which autumn's tempests wither,
The birds which then take wing,
When winter's winds are past, come hither,
To welcome back the spring;
The very ivy, on the ruin,
In gloomful life displays;
But the heart alone sees no renewing
The light of other days:
But the heart alone sees no renewing
The light of other days.

GLEE.—"The Earth like a Bride."

AIR, 'Bright Rosy Morning.'

Sprightly.

1. The Earth like a bride, wears a robe pure and white,
Her jewels might vie with the star-gems of night. } 'Tis the merry, merry winter hour. We greet it with song, For ne'er are its nights for our pleasure too long.

2. While some in the maze of the dance gai-ly glide,
Some skim o'er the valley, or clear frozen tide. } But we're cheery, cheery, cheery all. Where'er we may be, In fields or in bow-er we're children of glee.

GLEE. — "The World is Fair."

Words from the German.

Not too fast.

1. The world is fair, and everywhere Its tones from care invite, Fore'er to change, and still to range,
2. The waves may dash, the lightnings flash, But far a-way, a - way, Where sea birds sweep the boundless deep,

1. The world is fair, and ev' - ry - where Its tones from care, in - vite, For-e'er to change, and still to range From old to
2. The waves may dash, the lightnings flash, But far a - way, a - way, Where sea birds sweep the boundless deep, We'll roam as

1. The world is fair, and everywhere Its tones from care invite, For - e'er to change and still to range,
2. The waves may dash, the lightnings flash, But far away, a - way, Where sea birds sweep the boundless deep,

From old to new, to new de - light, In careless glee, Then, ho, with me take flight, Then
We'll roam as free, as far as they, O'er sea and land, We'll speed us on our way, We'll

new, to new de - light, With laughter free, in careless glee, Then, ho, with me take flight, Then, ho, with me take flight, Then, ho, then
free, as far as they, A changeful band o'er sea and land, We'll speed us on our way, We'll speed us on our way, We'll speed, we'll

From old to - new, to new de-light. Then, ho, with me take flight, Then,
We'll roam as free, as far as they. We'll speed us on our way, We'll

ho, with me take flight. The warrior's life with joy is rife, His peace no strifes impair; Where'er he roam, . . he finds a
speed us on our way. Now joy be-tide, as while we ride, Where'er our course may be, In summer hours, . mid greenwood

ho, . .with me take flight. The warrior's life with joy is rife, His peace no strifes im-pair; Where'er he roam he finds a home, While
speed us on our way. Now joy betide, as while we ride, Where'er our course may be, In summer hours, mid greenwood bow'rs, Or

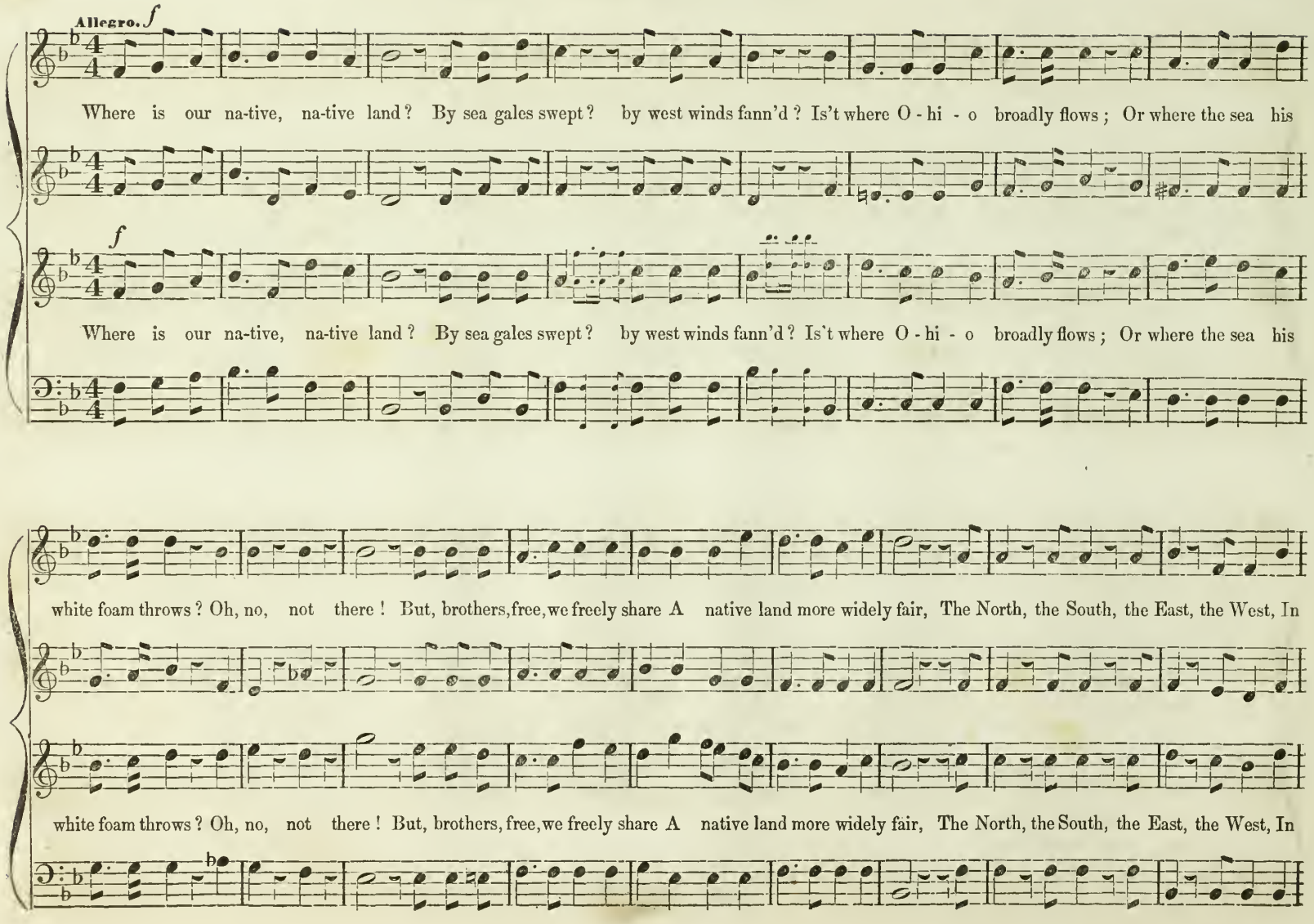
ho, with me take flight. The warrior's life with joy is rife, His peace no strifes impair; Where'er he roam, he finds a home, While
speed us on our way. Now joy be-tide as while we ride, Where'er our course may be, In summer hours, mid greenwood bow'rs, Or

home, While heav'n's wide dome is there, while woes are slight, To nature's light and air, . . To na - ture's light and air.
bow'rs, Or on the stormy sea; the breezes fann'd, One half so gay as we, . . One half so gay as we.

heaven's wide dome is there, Then haste, take flight, while woes are slight, To nature's light and air, To nature's light and air, To nature's light and air.
on . . . the stormy sea; For ne'er a band the breezes fann'd, One half so gay as we, One half so gay as we, One half so gay as we.

heaven's wide dome is there, While woes are slight, To nature's light and air.
on . . the stormy sea, The breezes fann'd, One half so gay as we.

GLEE. —"Our Native Land."



cho - ral song proclaim them one, In peace and love to - geth - er blest, We bid our ea - gle dare the sun! This land is mine,

This land is mine, This land is

cho - ral song proclaim them one, In peace and love to - geth-er blest, We bid our ea - gle dare the sun! This land is mine,

This land is mine, ... This Brother bold-ly claim for thine, Oh, God of nations o'er it reign, And

mine, *f* This Brother bold-ly claim for thine, This Brother bold-ly claim for thine.

This land is mine, This Brother bold-ly claim for thine, ... claim for thine. Oh! God of nations o'er it reign, And

thine, This Brother boldly claim for thine.

nev - er may its glories wane. Let Right and Justice here - in dwell, That we may prize it true and well, This land is mine, This land is

This land is mine,

nev - er may its glories wane, Let Right and Justice here - in dwell That we may prize it true and well, This land is mine, This land is

This land is mine,

mine, ... This Brother bold-ly claim for thine, This Brother bold - ly claim for thine.

This land is mine, This Brother bold - ly claim for thine, This Brother bold - ly claim for thine, This Brother bold-ly claim thine own.

mine, This Brother bold - ly claim for thine, ... claim for thine, This Brother boldly claim for thine.

This land is mine, This Brother bold - ly claim for thine, This Brother bold-ly claim for thine, This Brother boldly claim for thine.

QUARTETT. — "Evening Hymn."

AIR, 'Twilight Dews.

Andante.

1. The gorgeous day on sun-ny wing, Hath sped his wea-ry flight; And stars in mild-er glo - ry bring The grate-ful hours of

2. For strength when sultry noontide glow'd, For love that crowns the eve, For ev'-ry good Thou hast bestow'd, O God, our praise re-

3. And when our life's brief day declines, So calm-ly fade its light; While brighter still and bright-er shines Hope's star up-on the

1. When twi-light dews are fall-ing fast, Up - on the ro - sy sea; I watch that star, whose beam so oft Has light-ed me to
2. There's not a gar-den walk I tread, There's not a flower I see, But brings to mind some hope that's fled, Some joy I've lost with

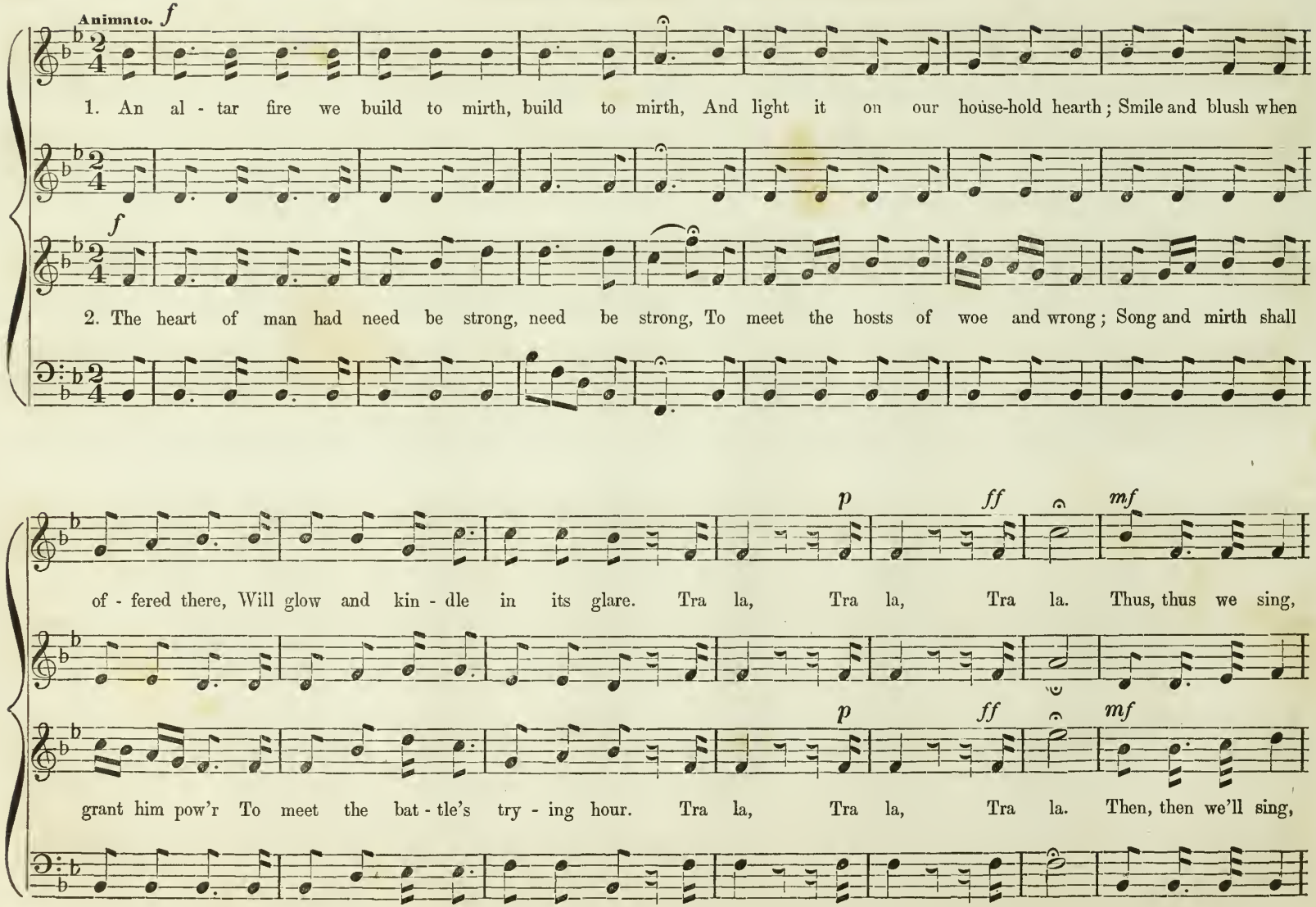
night, To Thee our guide and strength by day, The day's last hour be giv'n, O Thou, who cheer'd our toilsome way, Receive our praise at Even.

ceive; Thou wast our guide, our guard by day, To Thee its close be giv'n, O Thou, who cheer'd our toilsome way, Receive our vows at Even.

night! Oh! guide us thro' life's wea-ry day, Till falls its gentler even, And, when its light shall fade a - way, Receive us in Thy heaven.

thee; And thou, too, on that orb so dear, Ah! do'st thou gaze at ev'n, And think, tho' lost for - ev - er here, Thou'lt yet be mine in heav'n!
thee; And still I wish that hour were near, When friends and foes forgiv'n, The pains, the ills we've wept thro' here, May turn to smiles in heav'n!

GLEE.—"An altar fire we build."



p *mf* *p*

Laugh thus and sing; Though the hours are fleet - ing. With Friendship fired, Our hearts in - spired, A light - er march are

p *mf* *p*

Ho ho we'll sing; Though sweet hours are fleet - ing, With Friendship fired, Our hearts in - spired, A light - er march are

f *p*

beat - ing. La . . . . . La . . . . . .

La la la la la la la la la la la la la, la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

f *p*

beat - ing. La . . . . . la, la la . . . . . la la.

QUARTETT.—"Fair Cedar Tree."

Words from the German.

1. Fair Ce-dar tree, how ev-er-green, How changeless are thy leaflets, I greet thy shade in summer's glow, And beauti - ful, mid winter's snow, Fair
2 Oh teach, to man, thy constant truth, Make firm his faithless bosom, That swears to stand, for - ev - er true, When winds are fair, and skies are blue, But

3. The Nightingale, the Nightingale, Hath taught his changeful bosom, Thro' summer eves who breathes delights, But fails the fall of winter nights, The

4. The Mountain brook, the Mountain brook, Might well be man's true mirror, It mocks the swain mid April show'rs, But fails the sul - try summer hours, The

QUARTETT.—"The Soldier's Widow."

Cedar tree, I turn to thee, And bless thy changeless leaflets.
fails the hope when fate is wroth, And darken'd fortunes lower.

Nightingale, the Nightingale, Hath taught his changeful bosom.

Mountain brook, the mountain brook, May well be man's true mirror.

Moderato. Alto.

1. Mournful - ly they part-ed On the bat - tle morn, When the val-ley

Tenor.

2. Wea-ri - ly the guardsman Paced with measured tread, Where the moon fell

3. With his sword we laid him Where the wil-lows wave, But she looks not

start-ed To the sounding horn, Thro' that day so fear-ful To the mur-ky sky, Prayerful-ly and tearful Rose unmov'd her eye.

pale-ly On the war-rior dead: There the maddened weep-er Saw her sol-dier die, With her arms around him, Fix'd on heav'n his eye.

for him In his trophied grave: Si-lent-ly and ev-er Her gaze is turn'd on high. Long-ing to his heaven, Looks her ea-ger eye.

QUARTETT. — "Brothers, let us joyful be."

Animato. Alto.

1. Brothers, let us joyful be, While our spring endureth,
While the heart from sorrow free, Sunny hope al-lur-eth! } Time and death will not de-lay, He, who plucks the rose to-day, Alone the wreath ensureth.

2. Brothers, tell me where are they Who, in years departed,
Met as we, who meet to-day, Young and joyous hearted? } From our sun-light they are gone, They have seen another morn, Who sung in years departed.

3. Ah! our life with swiftest flight, Hasteth to its end-ing,
And the fates with envious might, Fearful speed are lending. } Festal hours are flying on, And the goal may soon be won, The whither we are tending.

CHORUS. — "Hail! Fairy Queen."

Arranged from BENEDICT.

Allegro. *f*

Hail! hail! fai - ry queen! Thine, thine all the scene, True hearts a-round us, bright planets a - bove. Long, long may thy pow'r Reign o'er

f

Hail! hail! fai - ry queen! Thine, thine all the scene, True hearts a-round us, bright planets a - bove. Long, long may thy pow'r Reign o'er

mp

grove and bow'r, Bright be thy glo - ry wher-ev - er we rove. Reign o'er lake and roll - ing riv - er, Thine be all the

mp

grove and bow'r, Bright be thy glo - ry wher-ev - er we rove. Reign o'er lake and roll - ing riv - er, Thine be all the

f *p* Cres - - cen - - - - do. *f* *f*

dash - ing main, Reign where sparkling moonbeams quiver, Dancing over hill and plain, Yes! Hail! hail! fai - ry queen,

f *p* Cres - - cen - - - - do. *f* *f*

dash - ing main, Reign where sparkling moonbeams quiver, Dancing over hill and plain, Yes! Hail! hail! fai - ry queen,

Thine, thine all the scene, True hearts around us, bright plan-ets a - bove, Long, long may thy pow'r Reign o'er grove and bow'r, Bright be thy

Thine, thine all the scene, True hearts around us, bright plan-ets a - bove, Long, long may thy pow'r Reign o'er grove and bow'r, Bright be thy

ff

glo - ry wher-ev - er we rove Thy glo - ry ev - er bright, Thy glo - ry ev - er bright, Thy glo - ry bright, Thy

Thy glo - - - - - - - - - ry bright, ... *ff* Thy glo - ry bright, Thy glo - -

glo - ry wher-ev - er we rove. Thy glo - ry ev - er bright, Thy glo - ry ev - er bright, Thy glo - ry bright, Thy

ff

glo-ry ev-er bright, Thy glory ev-er bright, Thy glo - ry bright, Thy glo-ry ev-er bright, Thy glo-ry ev-er bright. . .

- - - - - - - - ry bright, ... *ff* Thy glo - ry bright, Thy glory ev-er bright, Thy glo-ry ev-er bright. . .

glo-ry ev-er bright, Thy glo-ry ev-er bright, Thy glo - ry bright, Thy glo - - ry ever bright, Thy glo - - ry ev-er bright. . .

CHORUS.—"Let the dew-drops do our weeping."

Allegro.

f

Let the dew-drops do our weep-ing, Let the light winds breathe our sighs; We've e-

Let the dew-drops do our weep-ing, Let the light winds breathe our sighs; We've e-

p *f*

nough to do in reap-ing All the joy that round us lies. Moments sweetly gliding fleet - ly, Form no hour for grief to waste. Swift ad-

p *f*

nough to do in reap-ing All the joy that round us lies. Moments sweetly gliding fleet - ly, Form no hour for grief to waste. Swift ad-

vancing, coy-ly glancing, Love and Joy by Time are chased. Swift ad-vanc-ing, coy-ly

vancing, coy-ly glancing, Love and Joy by Time are chased. Swift advancing, coy-ly glanc - - - - - - -

glancing, Love and Joy by Time are chased. Aye, the hunt is on-ward fly - ing, And the

ing, Love and Joy by Time are chased. . . . . Aye, the hunt is on-ward fly-ing, And the

p

quary Love and Joy; With old Time, the hunter, vy-ing, Let us join the chase, my boy; Love a - biding may be hid - ing, Where to say we hard-ly

p

quary Love and Joy; With old Time, the hunter, vying, Let us join the chase, my boy; Love a - biding may be hid - ing Where to say we hardly

f

dure, . . But we'll trace him, and we'll chase him E-ven to his snow-y lair, Even to his snow-y lair, E-ven to his snowy lair.

f

dare, . . But we'll trace him, and we'll chase him E-ven to his snow-y lair, Even to his snow-y lair, E-ven to his snowy lair.

Volti.

f

Oh, be sure when thus we've found him, Tho' our trembling, our trembling prize be coy, If we've caught young Love and bound him, There right near him find we

f

Oh, be sure when thus we've found him, Tho' our trembling, our trembling prize be coy, If we've caught young Love and bound him, There right near him find we

There right near him find we

p *f*

Joy: For to-geth-er in all weather, Bravely stand the faith-ful pair; And we'll find them and we'll bind them, And we'll find them and we'll bind them, And we'll

p tr *f*

Joy; For to-geth-er in all weather, Bravely stand the faith-ful pair; And we'll find them and we'll bind them, And we'll find them and we'll bind them, And we'll

p *f*

find them, and we'll bind them, Hid with - in their snowy lair: And we'll find them and we'll bind them, And we'll find them and we'll bind them, And we'll

p tr *f*

find them, and we'll bind them, Hid with - in their snowy lair: And we'll find them and we'll bind them, And we'll find them and we'll bind them, And we'll

find them and we'll bind them, Hid within their snow-y lair; Yes! Hid within their snowy lair, snowy lair, snowy lair, snowy lair.

find them and we'll bind them, Hid within their snow-y lair; Yes! Hid within their snowy lair, snowy lair, snowy lair, snowy lair.

GLEE.—"Graylock's Shadow."

AIR, 'In the days when we went Gipsying.'

Lively.

1. Where the dale in Graylock's shadow lies, A myriad streamlets flow, And leaping on thro' grove and glade, In crystal beauty glow. How oft-en by their

2. Yet the blushing stream as brightly now Reflects Au-ro-ra's rose, And, springing from its fragrant bed, As fair the violet grows; There's many a laugh as

1. In the days when we went Gip-sying, A long time a-go, The lads and lass-es in their best Were dress'd from top to toe: We danc'd and sung the
2. All hearts were light and eyes were bright, While nature's face was gay; The trees their leafy branches spread, And perfume fill'd the way. 'Twas there we heard the
3. We filled a glass to eve-ry lass, And all our friends most dear; And wish'd them many hap-py days, And many a hap-py year. To friends away we

Emerald banks At morn or sun-set hour, We've gathered many a pleasant thought, And many a blue-eyed flow'r; But fad-ing with the flow'ret's bloom, The

glad as ours, And many a step as light, And eyes, as full of hope, are turn'd On Graylock's mountain height; But yet to us comes not a-gain The

jo-cund song, Up-on the for-est green; And nought but mirth and jol-i-ty Around us could be seen; And thus we passed a pleasant time, Nor
cuckoo's note Steal soft-ly through the air, While eve-ry scene a-round us look'd Most beauti-ful and fair. And, &c.
turn'd our thoughts, With feelings kind and free; And oh, we wish'd them with us there, Be-neath the for-est tree. And, &c.

pleasant thought is gone, And we roam no more the streamlet's side At sun-set, or morn, And we roam no more the streamlet's side At sun-set, or morn.

hope that there was born, And we roam no more the streamlet's side At sun-set, or morn, And we roam no more the streamlet's side At sun-set, or morn.

thought or care or woe, In the days when we went Gip-sy-ing, A long time a - go, In the days when we went Gip - sy - ing, A long time a - go.

GLEE. — "Woodman's Winter Chorus."

AIR, 'Our way across the mountain, ho.'

Quartett.

1. With our wild road song to the woods we go, O'er the froz-en ground and erinkling snow, While, sparkling like gems in the fros - ty light, O'er our

2. Oh, our Northern blood will be glad I ween, When euts the night air elear and keen, And when thro' the for-est, the storm flies fast, With our

1. When the tempests fly o'er the clou - dy sky, And the pip-ing blast sings mer - ri - ly, Oh, sweet is the mirth of the so - cial hearth, Where the
2. Let the storms without, in their mid-night rout, Howl through the case-ment drea-ri - ly; We're mer - ry with - in, round the blaz-ing linn, Where con-

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f Chorus.

way the pines their branches throw. Then brothers join our march to-night, And shout oh ho, and shout oh ho, The startled air our song will know, Ho, ho, oh ho!

And shout, . . and shout, . . The, &c.

Solo.

song shall chime the bold free blast. Then brothers join our march to-night, And shout oh ho, and shout oh ho, The startled air our song will know, Ho, ho, oh ho! One

flames are blazing cheeri - ly, Our way across the mountain, ho! ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, Our way across the mountain, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, The tent-ment flows right cheer-i-ly, Our way, &c.

f Chorus.

Then off and a-way to the for-est deep, Where the wild deer o'er our

gen-tle thought to the friends we leave, Sadly perchance for our loss who grieve; Then off and a-way to the for-est deep, Where the wild deer o'er our

moonbeam bright of a summer's night, Shin-eth but sad and wea - ri - ly, But sweet is the glow where contentment flows, And the bright fire blazes

mp Cres.

pathway leap. Oh, Our northern blood will be glad I ween, When cuts the night air clear and keen, And when, thro' the forest the storm flies fast, With our

mp Cres.

pathway leap. Oh, Our northern blood will be glad I ween, When cuts the night air clear and keen, And when, thro' the forest the storm flies fast, With our

cheer-i - ly, Oh, When the tem-pests fly o'er the cloudy sky, And the pip-ing blast sings mer-ri - ly, Oh sweet is the mirth of the social hearth, Where the

f

song will chime the bold free blast. Then brothers, join our march to-night, And shout oh ho, and shout oh ho, The startled air our song will know, Ho, ho, oh ho.

And shout, . . and shout, . .

f

song will chime the bold free blast. Then brothers, join our march to-night, And shout oh ho, and shout oh ho, The startled air our song will know, Ho, ho, oh ho.

flames are blazing cheer-i - ly; Our way a-cross the mountain, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, Our way across the mountain ho, ho, ho, ho, ho.

QUARTETT. — "Bridal Adieus."

AIR, 'Hours there were.'

Fine. D. C.

1. Fare thee well! sweet bri-dal voie-es Call thee from our mos-sy cot,
He, who won thee, now re-joie-es. In his love is ours for-got?
For the friends whom thou art leav-ing In thy pleas-ant na-tive dale.
Ah! we know thy heart is grieving, Tears be-dew thy bri-dal veil,

Fine. D. C.

2. Thou, we cherished in our bo-som, Soon a-noth-er home wilt find,
Thou, our fair-est, dear-est blos-som, We to oth-ers have resigned.
Thro' thy teardrops smiles are shining, But we can-not now re-joice!
Yet, we yield thee not re-pin-ing, Fare thee well! thou hast thy choice,

GLEE. — "Körner's Good Night."

Words from the German of KÖRNER.

Arranged from SPOHR.

1. Now good night, now good night! Eve-ry sor-row put to flight, While the evening soft-ly clos-es,
2. Slum-ber sweet, slum-ber sweet, Dreams each hour of joy re-peat! Ye whose days are days of trou-ble,

1. Now good night, now good night! Eve-ry sor-row put to flight, While the evening soft-ly clos-es, Nature all in peace re-
2. Slum-ber sweet, slumber sweet, Dreams each hour of joy re-peat! Ye whose days are days of trou-ble, Fairy dreams at night re-

Now good night! Eve-ry sor-row put to flight, While the evening soft-ly clos-es, Nature all in peace re-
Slum-ber sweet, Dreams each hour of joy re-peat! Ye whose days are days of trou-ble, Fairy dreams at night re-

Nature all in peace re - pos - es, Till the purple morning breaks. Now good night! Slumber deep, slumber deep, Bathe the eyes that sore-ly weep!
Fairy dreams at night re - dou - ble, Healing joys the heart to cheat. Now good night! Slumber sweet, now good night, Slumber till the morning breaks.

pos - es, Till the purple morning breaks. Now good night, Now good night, Slumber deep, slumber deep, Bathe the eyes that sore-ly weep!
dou - ble, Heal-ing joys the heart to cheat. Now good night, Now good night, Slumber sweet, now good night, Slumber till the morning breaks.

pos - es, Till the purple morning breaks. Now good night, Now good night, Slumber deep, slumber deep, Bathe the eyes that sore-ly weep! Si -
dou - ble, Heal-ing joys the heart to cheat. Now good night, Now good night, Slumber sweet, now good night, Slumber till the morning breaks. Rest

p 1st. 2nd.

Silence o'er the world is fall-ing, Hear the watchmen deeply calling, While the night respondeth deep, Fearless sleep, Fearless sleep.
Rest thee till the glare of morrow, Come again with care and sorrow, While each care the world forsakes, Fearless sleep, Fearless . . sleep—our Father wakes.

Silence o'er the world is fall-ing, Hear the watchmen deeply calling, While the night respondeth deep, Fearless sleep, Fearless sleep.
Rest thee till the glare of morrow, Come again with care and sorrow, While each care the world forsakes, Fearless sleep, Fearless . . sleep—our Father wakes.

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thee till the glare of morrow, Come again with care and sorrow, While each care the world forsakes, Fearless sleep, Fearless . . sleep—our Father wakes.

GLEE. — "Isle of Orono."

Bohemian Melody.

Animato.

p

1. Round the Isle of O - ro - no, In young and sun-ny May, Bright the sparkling wa - ters flow, And bright-ly dash a - way.

p

2. O'er the for - est, dark and deep, Ka - tah-din's shad-ow lies; There the Chief, from morning-peep, Hath chased his antlered prize.

f

There the dark eyed mai - dens glide, With wild and fi - ery glance, When be - side the leap-ing tide, They lead the In-dian dance;

f

Moun-tain rock and val - ley side, His climbing feet have known, Wild rav-ine and flash-ing tide, A bar-rier vain have thrown.

p *f* *p*

There the welcome song and smile Well the wea - ry hunter cheer, Home re-turn-ing to our isle When the night is near. Thus the hours in

p *f* *p*

Now the wea - ry chase is done, Now may rest the pant-ing deer, Co-vert deep may now be won, Far from lance or spear. Now the hours in

Cres. *f*

gladness go, While, dashing on their way, Round the isle of O - ro - no, The wa-ters leap and play, The wa-ters leap and play.

Cres. *f*

gladness go, While, dashing on their way, Round the isle of O - ro - no, The wa-ters leap and play, The wa-ters leap and play.

QUARTETT. — "Mourn not! mourn not!"

Not too fast.

1. Mourn not, mourn not. Faithless when love hath fled, When friendship's joys are dead, Ne'er let a tear be shed, But bid the mem'ry perish too. Fading when

2. Mourn not, mourn not. Vainly we try each spell, The ghostly past to quell; Darkly its form will swell, Amid the gloom of vanish'd years. Lips may not

3. Mourn not, mourn not. Far when the hope is gone, That like a trumpet hour, Peal'd to thy buoyant morn, Let not a ling'ring ech-o stay. Lost in the

p

ros - es die, When summer o - dors fly, Vainly the lone wind's sigh May bid the flow'ret bloom anew. Shed no tear, shed no tear, Mourn not, mourn not.

breathe a sigh, And tearless be the eye, Grief in our hearts may lie Far deeper than the fount of tears. Joy is vain, joy is vain, Mourn not, mourn not.

p

starless night, When fadeth glo-ry's light, Weep not its meteor flight, The mem'ry too should pass away. Shed no tear, shed no tear, Mourn not, mourn not.

p

QUARTETT. — "The White Chapel."

Words from the German.

Dolce.

1. On yonder hill, in the moon's mag - ic light, By the dark-some wood what glimmers so white? Our Con-vent chap - el in si - lence

2. What sol-emn strain on the air is a - wake? On the ear of night what mel-o - dies break! 'Tis there our brothers in Ho - ly

3. What wondrous sound at the breaking of morn, On the sleep - er's ear, so sweetly is borne? Our Con-vent bells with their mat-in

there In - vit - eth the Pilgrim to rest and pray'r, In - vit-eth the Pilgrim to rest and pray'r, to rest and pray'r.

pp

2d Ending.

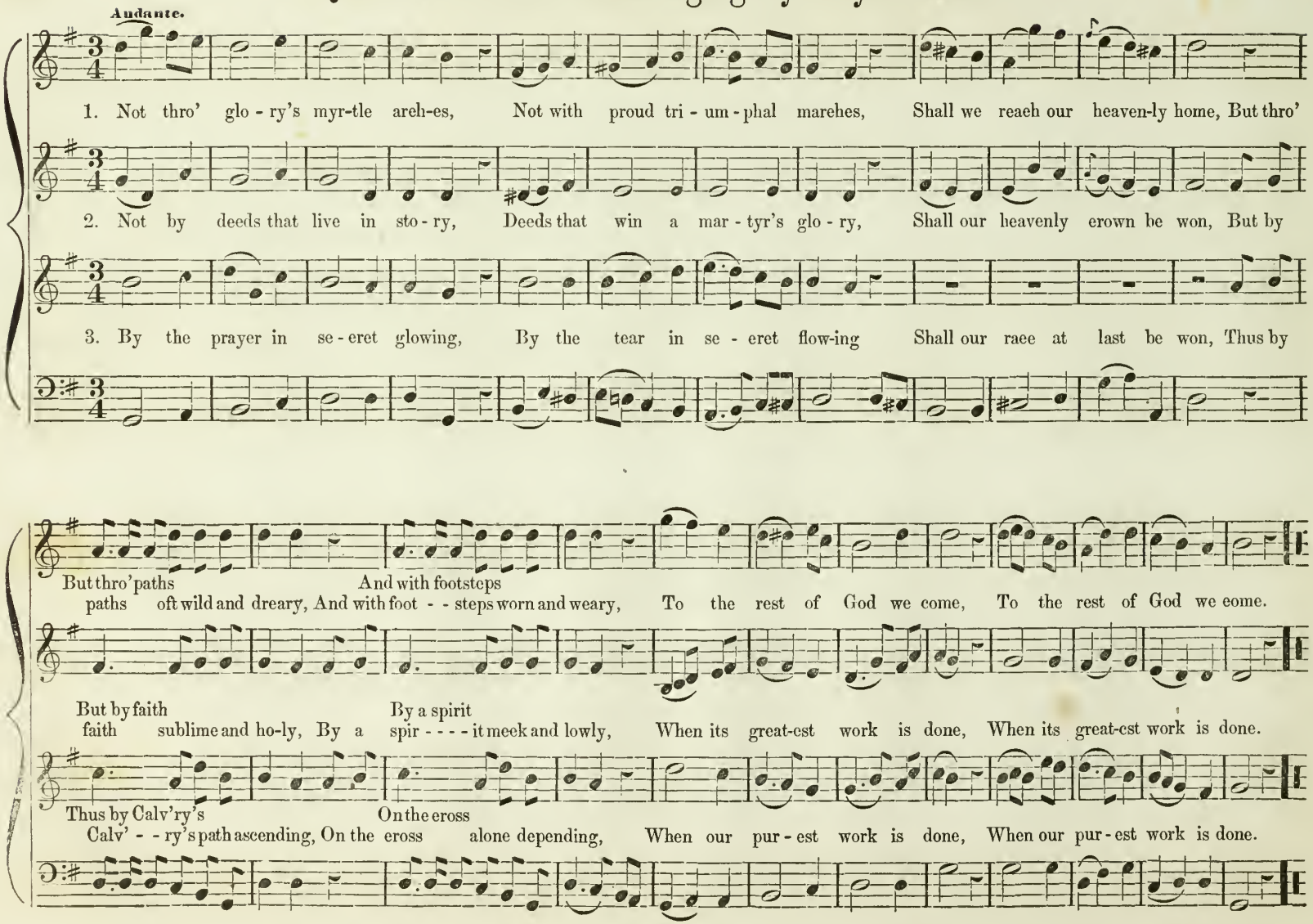
Love Are chanting the praise of our Lord a-bove, Are chanting the praise of our Lord a - bove, ... our Lord a-bove.

pp

f

chime Are wak-ing the Pil-grim at morning's prime, Are waking the Pil-grim at morning's prime, ... at morning's prime.

QUARTETT.—"Not through glory's myrtle arches."



PART SECOND.

SOLO & CHORUS.—"While the moon shines bright."

H. R. BISHOP.

Sostenuto.

Bass Solo.

While the moon shines bright, In the clear cold night, With our voi-ces so soft and

Cres.

mf

Dolce.

In long or-der due, Between i - vy and yew, To the lone-ly aisle we go, To the lone - ly aisle we

Dolce.

slow, In long or-der due, Between i - vy and yew, To the lone-ly aisle we go, To the lone - ly aisle we

p Dolce.

go, Do list to a ho - ly prayer, At the bur - ial ground, Of a

go, For the troubled dead, In their mould'ring bed, Do list to a ho - ly prayer, And o - bey the soft sound At the bur - ial ground,

f Solo. *p* Dolce.

Cres. *f*

sweet-ly chant-ed air, of a sweet - ly chant - ed air, a chanted air. And lo to the place, Where

Of a sweetly chant-ed air, a sweet - ly chant-ed air, a chant-ed air.

f

Of a sweet - - - - ly chant - ed air. . . . . And lo to the place, Where

f

Of a sweet-ly, sweet - ly chant-ed air. . . . . .

p Cres.

all Adam's race Must down at last be laid: We have come with the song, Which the voi - ces pro-long, Of ro - bed priest and saint-ed

p Cres.

all Adam's race Must down at last be laid: We have come with the song, Which the voi - ces pro-long, Of ro - bed priest and saint-ed

p Cres. f p Cres. f ff p Largo.

maid, Of ro - bed priest and saint-ed maid, and saint - ed maid, Of ro - bed priest and saint-ed maid, and saint - ed maid.

p Cres. f p Cres. f ff p Largo.

maid, Of ro - bed priest and saint-ed maid, and saint - ed maid, Of ro - bed priest and saint-ed maid, and saint - ed maid.

HUNTING CHORUS.—"We roam thro' the forest."

VON WEBER.

Allegro Vivace. *f*

1. We roam thro' the for-est and o - ver the mountain, No joys of the court or the banquet like this ;
And then sun-set glowing by some leaf-y fountain, To crown our red goblets with young beauties' kiss. } Then end our bright ev'ning with dance and with

f

2. Then should i - cy win-ter by hail-ing and snow-ing, Or summer look red o'er the yellow hair'd corn,
Or breezes are blowing, or night winds are flowing, Still ring thro' the for-est the hunter's gay horn. } Then end our bright ev'ning with dance and with

p *f*

singing, Till night spreads her mantle o'er vale and o'er wood;Thro' rock and thro' forest our horns gai-ly ringing ! Farewell to the day-star that sets in the

p *f*

singing, Till night spreads her mantle o'er vale and o'er wood;Thro'rock and thro' forest our horns gai-ly ringing ! Farewell to the day-star that sets in the

Bis. Bis. Bis.

flood. Follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, fol-low hark, fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, hark, follow hark, hark, follow hark, follow hark.

flood. Follow hark, follow hark, follow hark, fol-low hark, fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, hark, follow hark, hark, follow hark, follow hark.

QUARTETT.—"Are there tidings in yon vessel?"

Words by T. HAYNES BAYLY.

Andantino.

Are there tidings for a moth-er Who is mourning

Are there tidings in yon ves - sel, Proudly bounding o'er the wave? Are there tidings for a moth-er Who is mourning for the

Are there tidings in yon ves - sel, Proudly bounding o'er the wave? Are there tidings for a moth-er Who is mourning for the

Are there tidings for a moth-er Who is mourning

Rall. Tempo.

for the brave? She is freighted with fond tidings, no tidings from the grave. Do not blame her when she seeks him,

brave? No,no,no,no,She is freighted with fond ti - dings, But no tidings from the grave. Do not blame her when she seeks him,

brave? No,no,no,no,She is freighted with fond ti - dings, But no ti - dings from the grave. Do not blame me when I seek him, with these

for the brave? She is freight-ed with fond tidings, no tidings from the grave. Do not blame her when she seeks him,

With those wan and weary eyes, Can you tell her where he perished? Can you tell her where he lies? Yet there surely

With those wan and weary eyes, Can you tell her where he perished? Can you tell her where he lies? Yet there surely

wan and weary eyes; Can you tell me where he perished? Can you show me where he lies? No,no,no,no,Yet there surely is some

With those wan and weary eyes, Can you tell her where he perished? Can you tell her where he lies? Yet there surely

is some record, a brave young hero dies. Oh! she must have died

is some record, a brave young hero dies. Had she watch'd beside his pillow, Had she seen him on his bier; Oh! she must have died of

re - cord, When a brave young hero dies. Had I watch'd beside his pillow, Had I seen him on his bier; Oh! I must have died of

is some record, a brave young hero dies. Oh! she must have died

Rall.

of weeping, But she cannot shed a tear, Let her still . . . think he is near! he is near!

weeping, But she can-not shed a tear. No,no,no,no, Let her still think she will see him, Let her still think he is near.

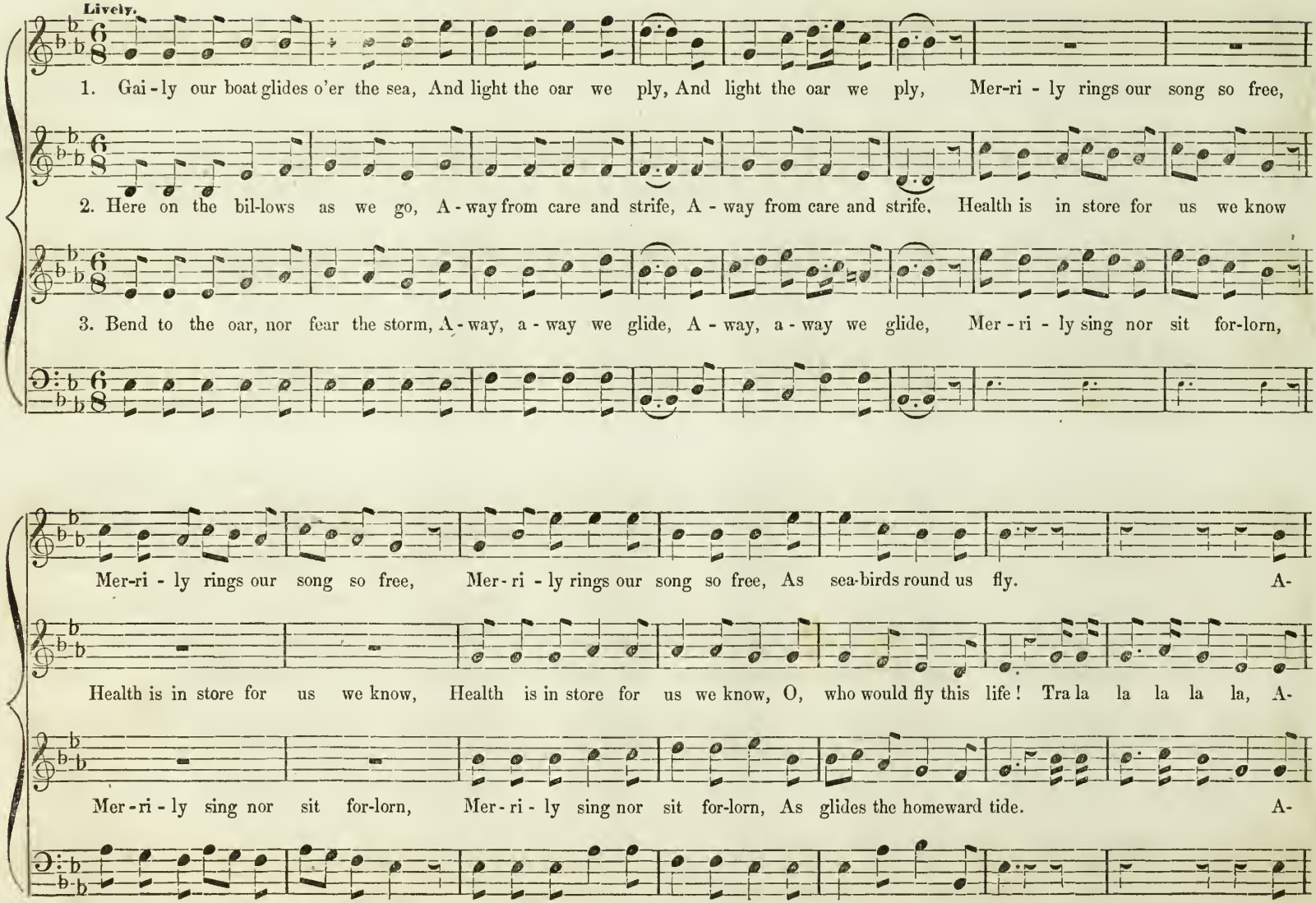
Rall.

weeping, But I can-not shed a tear. No,no,no,no, Let me still think I shall see him, Let me still think he is near.

of weeping, But she cannot shed a tear, Let her still . . . think he is near! he is near.

GLEE. — "Gaily our Boat glides o'er the sea."

J. A. GOULD.



way with fears, Tra la la la, Now give three cheers, Hurrah! Hurrah! Hur - rah!

way with fears, Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la la la la, Now give three cheers, Hurrah! Hurrah! Hur - rah!

way with fears, Tra la la la Tra la la la la la, Now give three cheers, Hurrah! Hurrah! Hur - rah!

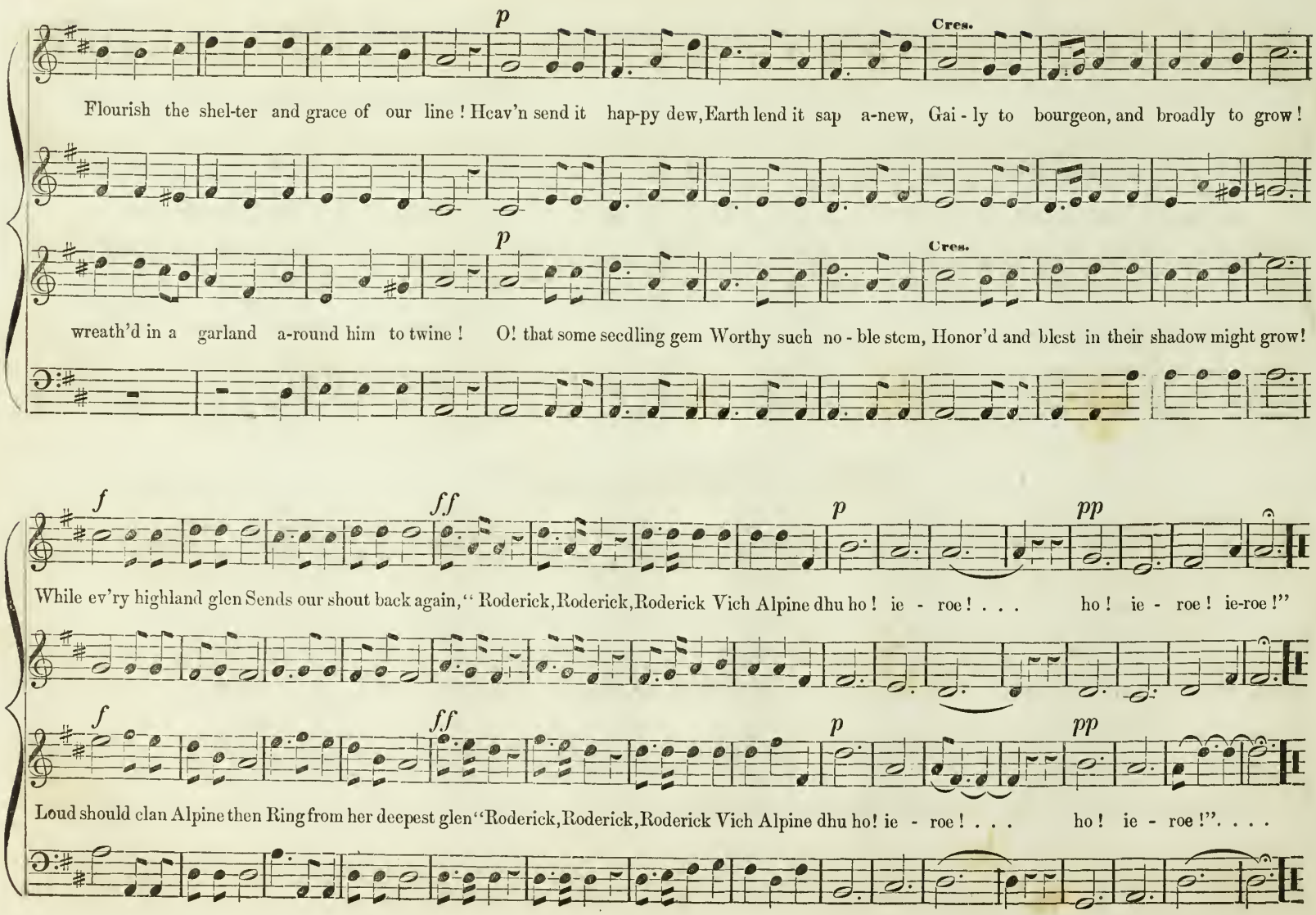
GLEE. — "Hail to the Chief."

H. R. BISHOP.

Moderato.

1. Hail to the chief who in triumph ad-van-ces! Honor'd and blest be the evergreen Pine! Long may the tree in his banner that glanees,

2. Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands, Stretch to your oars, for the evergreen Pine! O, that the rose-bud that graees yon island, Were


p
Cres.
Flourish the shel-ter and grace of our line ! Heav'n send it hap-py dew, Earth lend it sap a-new, Gai - ly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow !
p
Cres.
wreath'd in a garland a-round him to twine ! O! that some seedling gem Worthy such no - ble stem, Honor'd and blest in their shadow might grow!
f
ff
p
pp
While ev'ry highland glen Sends our shout back again, " Roderick, Roderick, Roderick Vich Alpine dhu ho ! ie - roe ! . . . ho ! ie - roe ! ie-roe !"
f
ff
p
pp
Loud should clan Alpine then Ring from her deepest glen "Roderick, Roderick, Roderick Vich Alpine dhu ho! ie - roe ! . . . ho ! ie - roe !". . . .

SOLO & CHORUS.—"All by the shady greenwood Tree."

Arranged from ROSSINI.

Allegretto Mosso.
Tenor Solo.

All by the sha-dy greenwood tree, The merry merry archers roam: Jov-ial and bold and ev-er free, They tread their woodland home.

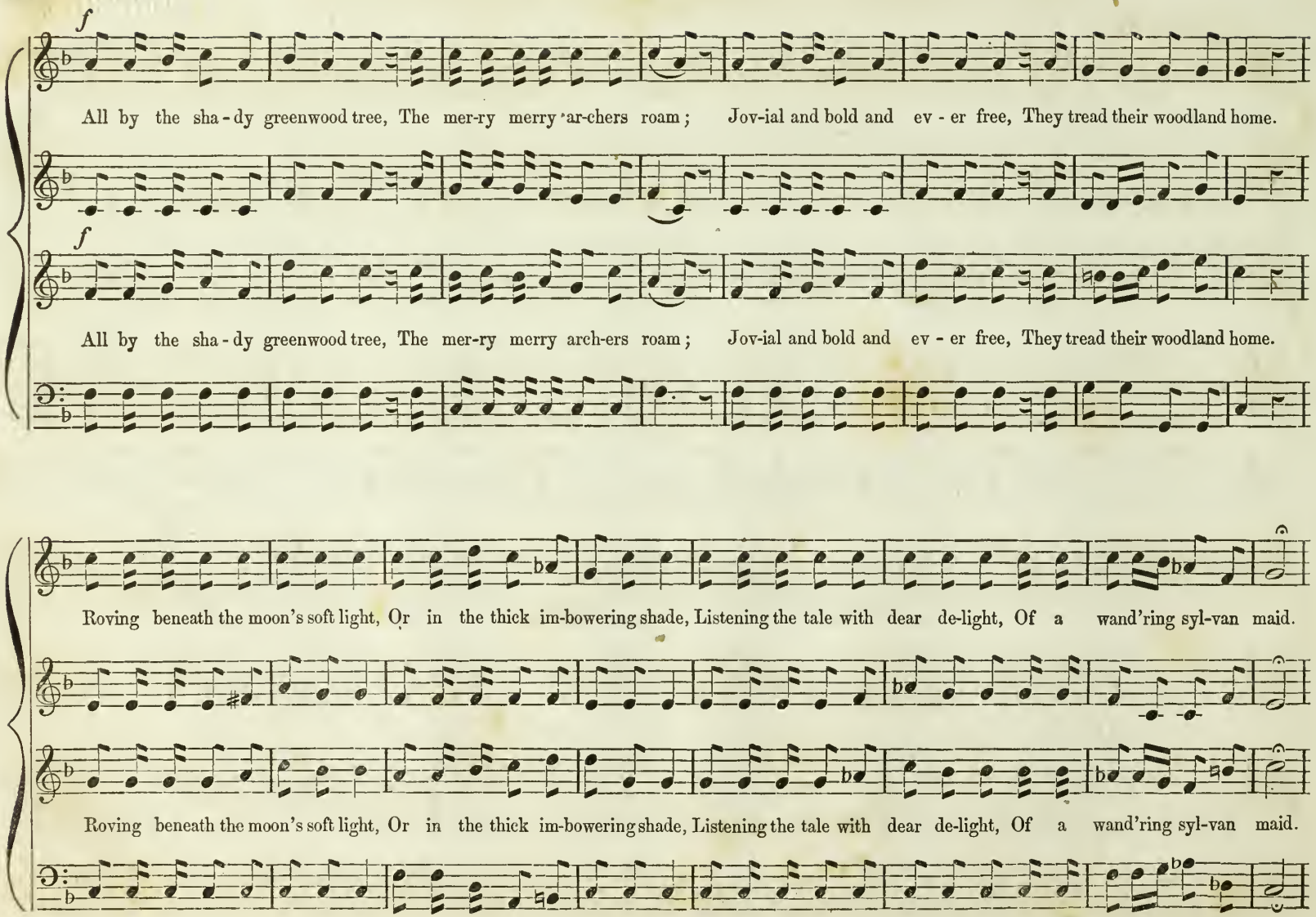
p

8

Roving beneath the moon's soft light, Or in the thick im-bowering shade, Listening the tale with dear de-light, Of a wand'ring syl-van maid.

All by the sha-dy greenwood tree, The merry merry arch-ers roam; Jov-ial and bold and ev-er free, They tread their woodland home.

f


f
All by the sha - dy greenwood tree, The mer-ry merry ar-chers roam; Jov-ial and bold and ev - er free, They tread their woodland home.
f
All by the sha - dy greenwood tree, The mer-ry merry arch-ers roam; Jov-ial and bold and ev - er free, They tread their woodland home.
Roving beneath the moon's soft light, Or in the thick im-bowering shade, Listening the tale with dear de-light, Of a wand'ring syl-van maid.
Roving beneath the moon's soft light, Or in the thick im-bowering shade, Listening the tale with dear de-light, Of a wand'ring syl-van maid.

p *f*

All by the shady greenwood tree, The merry merry archers roam; Jovial and bold and ev - er free, They tread their woodland home: Jovial and

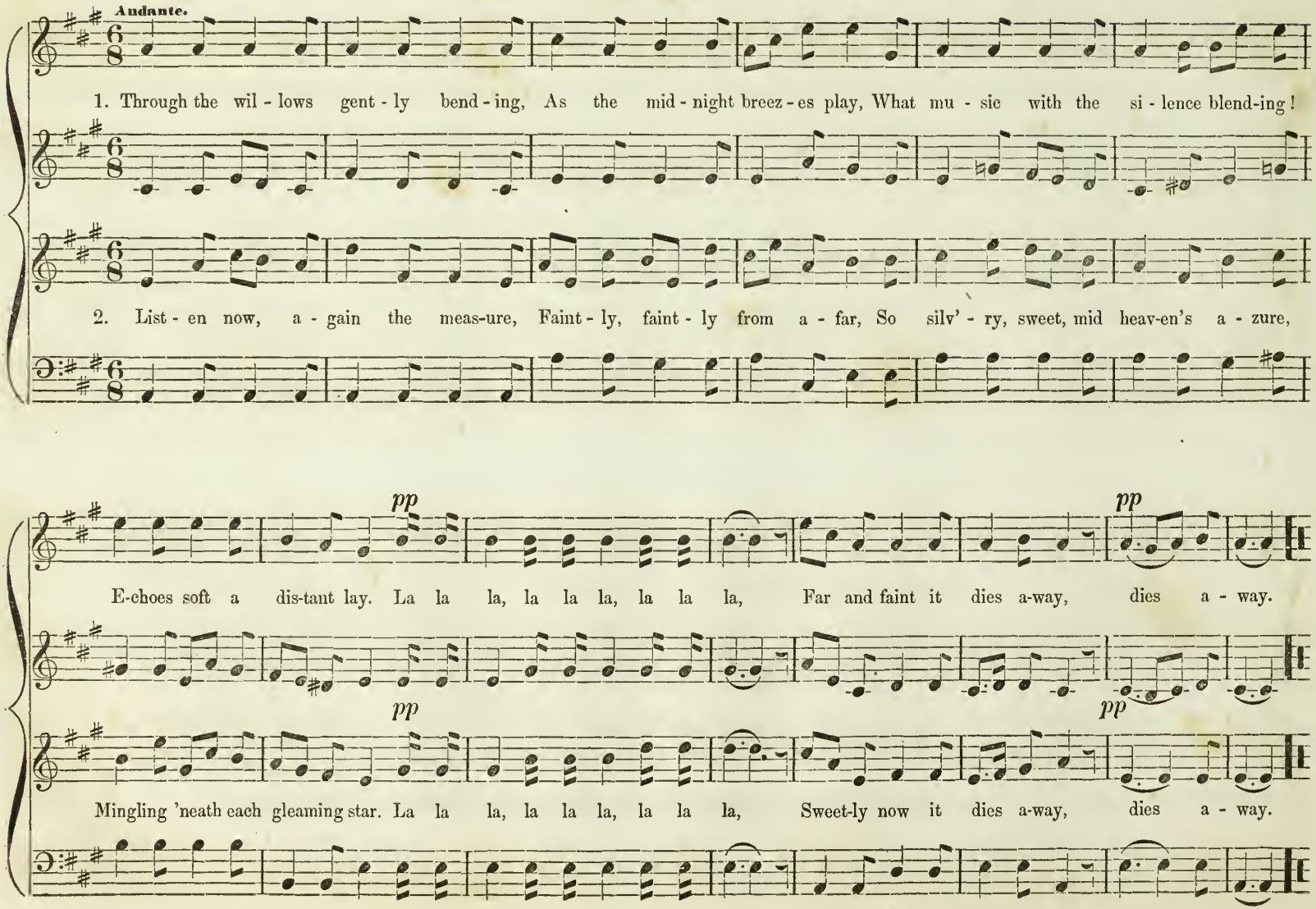
p *f*

All by the shady greenwood tree, The merry merry archers roam; Jovial and bold and ev - er free, They tread their woodland home: Jovial and

bold, and ev - er, ev - er free, They tread, they tread their woodland, woodland home, their woodland home, their woodland home.

bold, and ev - er, ev - er free, They tread, they tread their woodland, woodland home, their woodland home, their woodland home.

QUARTETT. — "Distant Music."



QUARTETT. — "List to my Harp."

AIR, 'Long, long ago."

1. List to my harp, tho' its gladness be gone, Sweet maiden hear, Sweet maiden hear! Fly not its song, if to thee it be borne, Maid ev-er dear, ev-er dear;

2. List to my harp, but its sadness is gone, Lov'd maiden hear, Lov'd maiden hear! Cheerful my song, as to thee it is borne, Maid ev-er dear, ev-er dear;

1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a-go, long, long a-go: Sing me the songs I de - light-ed to hear, Long, long a-go, long a - go.
2. Do you re-member the path where me met, Long, long a-go, long, long a-go? Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would forget, Long, long a-go, long a - go.
3. Tho' by your kindness my fond hopes are raised, Long, long ago, long, long a-go, You, by more el - oquent lips have been praised, Long, long ago, long a - go.

Now from my life, all life's music has flown, Sad is my heart for it dwelleth alone, Next to my harp, there's a pray'r in its tone, Lov'd maiden hear, maiden hear.

Hope hath a pow'r all my grief to dispel, Let me but hear what my sorrow shall quell, Ne'er canst thou slight, who has lov'd thee so well, Maid ever dear, ever dear.

Now you are come, all my grief is removed. Let me for-get that so long you have rov'd, Let me believe that you love as you lov'd, Long, long ago, long a - go.
Then to all others my smile you preferred, Love when you spoke gave a charm to each word, Still my heart treasures the praises I heard, Long, long ago, long a - go.
But by long absence your truth has been tried, Still to your accents I list - en with pride, Blest as I was when I sat by your side, Long, long ago, long a - go.

GLEE. — "The Morning Walk."

Words by J. C. JOHNSON.

Allegretto.

1. Now brightly shines the eastern light, And bracing is the air; And clanging horn, and bay-ing hound Proclaim a syl-van war, As forth the mer-ry

2. Still on we rove by vale and hill, And brooklet's gentle flow, And list - en to the village hum, And woodland murmur low, And loudly sing the

3. O how I love the morning hour, When Nature's face so fair Hath smiles for every hap-py one Who loves her beauty rare, And sweetly ope the

hunter's troop To for-est aisles a - far; But we have nought of deadly tho't, As forth we wander blithe and gay, And cheerful-ly thro' field and wood, We

har-vest men That fieldward gai-ly go; And still the bu - sy insects hum Like careless ones in fashion's ray, And lightly dance from flow'r to flow'r, E-

flow-er bells, The cheering light to share. A home a - mid the verdant fields, And flowing rills, and waving grove, O give me e'er my cottage home, A-

ram-ble far a - way, In bird and flow'r and waving tree, A qui-et charm we see, And glad resoundeth from the hills Our morning mel-o - dy.

late in sunny ray, And onward, onward, while the dew Yet glitters on the lea, And troll we with the glee-ful birds Our morning mel-o - dy.

mid the scenes I love, And ev - er as the ris - ing sun Gilds hill and for-est tree, Shall sound aloud from grateful heart, My morning mel-o - dy.

GLEE. — "Good Night."

Words by J. C. JOHNSON. H. R. BISHOP.

Tenor Solo.

1. Good night, good night, in rapid flight, Have pass'd our moments swift and light, And now a cheerful part-ing glee, Sing all this good-ly com-pa-ny, Sing
2. Good cheer to all who've met us here, Go slum-ber till the day appear, And let the evening's pleasure be A sweet en-dur-ing memo - ry, A

Un poco Allegretto.

Chorus.

all this com-pa - ny. Good night, good night, our hearts we plight, To one and all a kind good night, To one and all a kind good night, To one and all a
pleas-ant mem-o - ry.

Good night, good night, our hearts we plight, To one and all a kind good night, To one and all a kind good night, To one and all a

Soli.

kind good night, To all a kind good night. Good night, good night, our hearts we plight, To one and all a kind good night, good night, good night, our hearts we plight, To

a kind good night,

Soli.

kind good night, To all a kind good night. Good night, good night, our hearts we plight, To one and all a kind good night, good night, good night, our hearts we plight, To

CHORUS.

one and all a kind good night, ... Good night, good night, our hearts we plight, To one and all a kind good night, Good night to all, a

To all a kind good night, to all a kind good night, Good night, good night, our hearts we plight, To one and all a kind good night, Good night to all, a

one and all a kind good night, to all a kind good night, Good night, good night, our hearts we plight, To one and all a kind good night, Good night, to all, a

one and all a kind good night, ... Good night, good night, our hearts we plight, To one and all a kind good night, Good night, to all, a

kind good night, To all, good night, Good night, good night, our hearts we plight, to all a kind good night, Good night, good night, . . to all good night.

kind good night, To all, good night, Good night, good night, our hearts we plight, to all a kind good night, Good night, good night, . . to all good night.

kind good night, To all, good night, Good night, good night, our hearts we plight, to all good night, To all, to all, to all good night. . . . . .

kind good night, To all, good night, Good night, good night, our hearts we plight, to all good night, good night, good night, good night. . . . . .

GLEE. — "Come, let us all a Maying go!

L. ATTERBURY.

Vivace. *f* *p* *f* *f* *p* Cres - - - - cen - -

Come, let us all a Maying go, And light - ly trip it to and fro; Let us go, let us go, let us go, Come, let us all a

Come, let us all a Maying go, And light - ly trip it to and fro; Let us go, let us go, let us go, Come, let us all a

f *p* *p* *p* Cres - - - cen - -

Come, let us all a Maying go, And light - ly trip it to and fro; Let us go, let us go, Come, let us all a

f *p* *p* *p* Cres - - - cen - -

do. - - *f* *p* *p*

May-ing go, And light-ly trip it to and fro, trip it to and fro, trip it, trip it light-ly, light - ly

p

Maying go, And light-ly trip it to and fro, trip it to and fro, to and fro, light-ly, light - ly

do. - - *f* *p*

Maying go, And light-ly trip it to and fro, trip it to and fro, light-ly, light - ly

do. - - *f* trip it, trip it,

1st time. 2d time. *mf*

trip it to and fro, trip it to and fro. The bells . . . . shall ring, . . . And the Cuc - - - - koo sing, The bells shall ring, And the

trip it to and fro, trip it to and fro. The bells . . . . shall ring, . . . And the Cuc - - - - koo sing, Cuckoo, Cuckoo,

mf

trip it to and fro, trip it to and fro. Cuckoo, Cuckoo, Cuckoo, Cuckoo, The bells . . . shall ring, . . And the

The bells shall ring, And the Cuc - koo sing,

f *p* *ff*

Cuc - koo sing. The drums shall beat, And the fife shall play, And so we'll pass our time a - way.

p *f*

Cuckoo, Cuckoo, And the fife shall play, The drums shall beat, And the fife shall play, And so we'll pass our time a - way.

p *f* *p* *ff*

Cuc - - - - koo sing, The drums shall beat, And the fife shall play, The drums shall beat, And the fife shall play, And so we'll pass our time a - way.

f *f* *p* *ff*

GLEE.—"To Fishermen."

Arranged from H. R. BISHOP.

Largo.
QUARTETT.

Tho' oft when stillness calms the sul-len deep, When winds are hush'd, When winds are hush'd, and murm'ring billows

Tho' oft when stillness calms the sul-len deep, When winds are hush'd, When winds are hush'd, and murm'ring billows

Tho' oft when stillness calms the sul - len deep, When winds are hush'd, ... and murm' - - ring bil-lows

Tho' oft when stillness calms the sul-len deep, When winds are hush'd, When winds are hush'd, and murm'ring bil-lows

sleep; Ye rove for - lorn up-on the si - lent shore, Or ply, in dull de-spair, the lab'ring oar.

sleep; Ye rove for - lorn up-on the si - lent shore, Or ply, in dull de-spair, the lab'ring oar.

sleep; Ye rove for - lorn . . up - on the si - lent shore, Or ply, in dull de - spair, the lab' - - - ring oar.

sleep; Or ply, in dull de-spair, the lab'ring oar.

Allegro Moderato.
CHORUS. 1st time, *p*. 2d time, *f*

Ye all live so hap-py to - geth-er, In spite of the chances of weather; With your messmates, your sweethearts, your children and wives, That no

Ye all live so hap-py to - geth-er, In spite of the chances of weather; With your messmates, your sweethearts, your children and wives, That no

lives are so hap - py as Fish-ermen's lives. Ye all live so hap-py, so hap-py, so hap-py to - gether, In spite of the chances of

lives are so hap - py as Fish-ermen's lives. Ye all live so hap-py, so hap-py, so hap-py to - gether, In spite of the chances of

weath - er. Ye all live so hap-py to - geth - er, In spite of the chances of weather; With your messmates, your sweethearts, your

weath - er. Ye all live so hap-py to - geth - er, In spite of the chances of weather; With your messmates, your sweethearts, your

children and wives, That no lives are so hap-py as Fish-ermen's lives, That no lives are so hap-py, so hap - py, so hap - py, no

children and wives, That no lives are so hap-py as Fish-ermen's lives, That no lives are so hap-py, so hap - py, so hap - py, no

lives are so hap-py as Fish-er-men's lives, That no lives are so hap-py, so hap - py, so hap - py, no lives are so hap-py as

lives are so hap-py as Fish-er-men's lives, That no lives are so hap-py, so hap - py, so hap - py, no lives are so hap-py as

Fishermen's lives, no lives are so happy as Fishermen's lives, no lives are so hap-py as Fishermen's lives.

Fishermen's lives, no lives are so happy as Fishermen's lives, no lives are so happy as Fishermen's lives.

GLEE. — "May Day."

Arranged from NEITHART.

mf Allegretto. Cres. *f* *mf* *pp*

1. The sun, al-read - y from the skies, A-bove the bel-fry gleaming, Peeps in at many a maiden's eyes, And laughs her from her dreaming. The
2. The Hall must lay its grandeur by, The ham-let cease its la - bor, As squire and hind a-gree, to try The worth of pipe and ta-bor. E'en

mf Cres. *f* *mf* *pp*

3. There's no one here, who, grave and stern, Our revel would be seorning, Save owlet prim, who needs must turn From mirth, and song, and morning. The

Cres. un poco Rall. Presto.

wind that all the night was low, A - mong the chesnuts on the brow, Be - gins to car - ol gay, Be - gins to car - ol gay.
helpless age, in el - bow chair, Sits by, and nods his thin gray hair, To hear the mu - sie play, To hear the mu - sie play.

Cres. un poco Rall. *f*

more the eares our hearts have known, The fit - ter 'tis we lay them down, When spring-time points the way, When spring-time points the way. And
And Then

f *ff*

"Ye boys and girls who love the Spring, Troop out, Troop out, to dance and sing, Ye should not be so slow, On glad May-day."
The nimblest dancer on the green Is far less brisk than he hath been, When he the sport did share Of glad May-day.
Let all who love to dance and sing, Go round and round in blithesome ring, And make at least your own One glad May-day.

ff

mer-ri-ly seems to say, ... "Ye should not be so slow On glad May-day."
mer-ri-ly loves to say, ... How he the sport did share Of glad May-day.
mer-ri-ly while ye may, ... O make at least your own One glad May-day.

'Ye boys, &c. Ye should not, &c.
The nimblest, &c. When he, &c.
Let all, &c. And make, &c.

QUARTETT.—"Good Night."

Moderato. *p* Cres. J. E. GOULD.

And now, be-fore we part, we'll say to all, Good Night! Good Night! . . . . good night! good night! good night!

p Cres.

And now, be-fore we part, we'll say to all, Good Night! Good night! good night! . . . . good night! good night! good night!

p

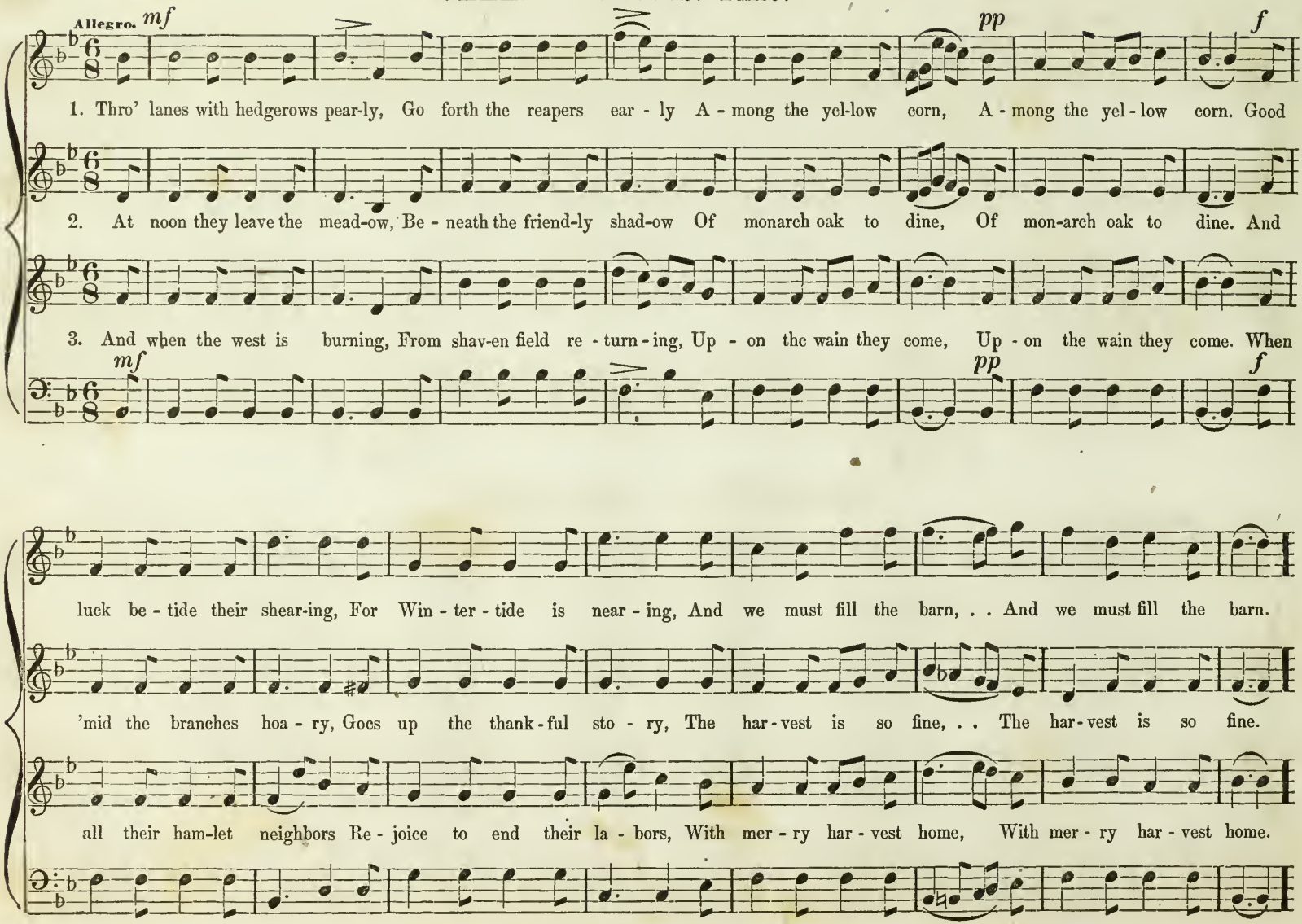
And now, be-fore we part, we'll say to all, Good Night! Good night! good night! good night! good night!

p

And now, be-fore we part, we'll say to all, Good Night! Good night! good night! good night!

From "Modern Harp," by permission.

GLEE. — "Harvest Time."



ff *pp* *ff*

Tral - la la la, Tral - la la la! The bu - sy har-vest time: Tral - la la la, Tral - la la la! The bu - sy har-vest time.

Tral - la la la, Tral - la la la! The bu - sy har-vest time: Tral - la la la, Tral - la la la! The bu - sy har-vest time.

ff *pp* *ff*

Tral - la la la, Tral - la la la! The bu - sy har-vest time: Tral - la la la, Tral - la la la! The bu - sy har-vest time.

CHORUS.—"Hark! hark! each Spartan hound."

Arranged from H. R. BISHOP.

Allegro Moderato.
2d Tenor. 1st time, Soli—2d time, Chorus.

1. Hark! hark! each Spartan hound with mu - sic fills the sky: with mu - sic fills the sky, And hills and woods a-

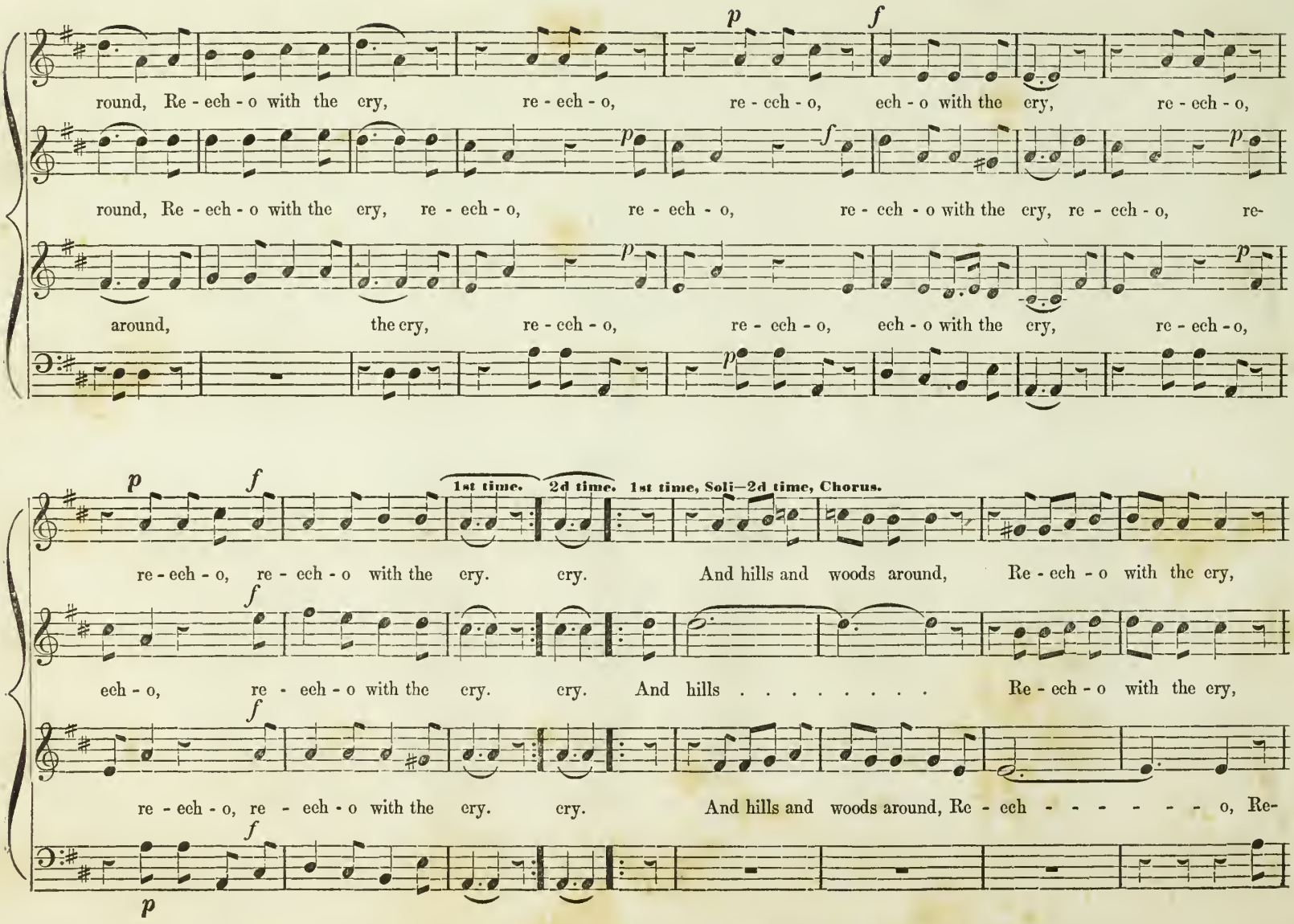
1st Tenor.

f

with mu - sic fills the sky, And hills and woods a-

Female voices.

Hark! hark! each Spartan hound with mu - sic fills the sky: Hark! hark! each Spartan hound with mu - sic fills the sky,


p
f
round, Re - ech - o with the cry, re - ech - o, re - ech - o, ech - o with the cry, re - ech - o,
p
f
p
round, Re - ech - o with the cry, re - ech - o, re - ech - o, re - ech - o with the cry, re - ech - o, re-
p
p
around, the cry, re - ech - o, re - ech - o, ech - o with the cry, re - ech - o,
p
p
f
1st time.
2d time.
1st time, Soli—2d time, Chorus.
re - ech - o, re - ech - o with the cry. cry. And hills and woods around, Re - ech - o with the cry,
f
ech - o, re - ech - o with the cry. cry. And hills . . . . . Re - ech - o with the cry,
f
re - ech - o, re - ech - o with the cry. cry. And hills and woods around, Re - ech - - - - - - - o, Re-
f
p

p *f*

Re - ech - o with the cry, Re - ech - o, . . Re - ech - o, ech - o with the cry, the cry,

p *f* *p*

Re - ech - o with the cry, Re - ech - o with the cry, Re - ech - o, Re - ech - o, Re - ech - o with the cry, . . . Re-

p *f* *p*

ech - - - - - - o with the cry, with the cry, Re - ech - o, . . . Re - ech - o, ech - o with the cry, the cry,

p *f*

p *f*

Re - ech - o, . . Re-ech - o, ech - o with the cry, Re - ech - o, ech - o with the cry, Re - ech - o, ech-o with the cry. . . .

f

ech - o, Re-ech - o, Re - ech - o with the cry, Re - ech - o, ech - o with the cry, Re-ech - o, ech-o with the cry. . . .

f

Re - ech - o, . . Re-ech - o, ech - o with the cry, Re - ech - o, ech - o with the cry, Re - ech - o, ech-o with the cry. . . .

p *f*

QUARTETT.—"Flow gently, sweet Afton."

Tenderly.

1. Flow gent-ly sweet Af-ton, among thy green braes; Flow gently I'll sing thee a song in thy praise: My Ma-ry's asleep by thy murmuring
2. Thou dove, whose soft ech-o resounds from the hill, Thou green crested lapwing, with noise loud and shrill, Ye wild whistling warblers your mu-sic for-

3. Thy crys-tal stream, Af-ton how love-ly it glides; And winds by the cot where my Ma-ry re-sides, There, oft as mild evening weeps o-ver the

4. Flow gent-ly sweet Af-ton, among thy green braes; Flow gently sweet riv-er, the theme of my lays, My Ma-ry's asleep by thy murmuring

stream; Flow gent-ly sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.
bear, I charge you dis-turb not my slum-ber-ing fair.

lea, Thy sweet scent-ed groves shade my Ma-ry and me.

stream; Flow gent-ly sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.

QUARTETT.—"Make me no gaudy chaplet."

Arranged from DONIZETTI.

Andantino.

Make me no gau-dy chap-let, Weave it of sim-ple flow-ers,

Make me no gau-dy chap-let, Weave it of sim-ple flow-ers.

Seek them in low-ly val - lies Af-ter the gen-tle show-ers, Bring me no dark red ros - es Gay in the sun-shine glow-ing,

Seek them in low-ly val - lies Af-ter the gen-tle show-ers, Bring me no dark red ros - es Gay in the sun-shine glow-ing,

Bring me the pale moss rose-bud, Be-neath the fresh leaves growing. Bring not the proud eyed blos - som, Darl-ing of east-ern Daughters,

Bring me the pale moss rose-bud, Be-neath the fresh leaves growing. Bring not the proud eyed blos - som, Darl-ing of east-ern Daughters,

Bring me the snow - y li - ly Float-ing on si - lent wa - ters, Gems of the low - ly val - ley, Buds which the leaves are shad - ing,

Bring me the snow - y li - ly Float-ing on si - lent wa - ters, Gems of the low - ly val - ley, Buds which the leaves are shad - ing,

Lilies of peaceful wa-ters, Emblems be mine un-fad - ing, Li-lies of peaceful waters, Emblems un-fad-ing be mine.

Cres.

Lilies of peaceful wa-ters, Emblems be mine un-fad - ing, Li-lies of peaceful waters, Emblems un-fad-ing be mine.

QUARTETT. — "Starlight."

Arranged from the German.

Words by J. C. JOHNSON.

1. Above our peaceful dwelling, Lo, star-ry forms ap-pear, So si-lent - ly ad-vancing, With eyes all gent-ly glancing, And seem for-ev - er

2. See yon-der, by the sun-set, The qui - et evening star, From eastern depths ascending, With rays se - rene-ly blending, Yon glorious constel-

3. Thus sweetly on my spir - it, The stars of evening rise, And waken thoughts of pleasure, Beyond yon tran-quil a - zure, By Love's e'er flowing

tell - ing Of ho - ly love and fear.

la - tions So mild - ly gleam a - far.

riv - er, My man - sion in the skies.

CATCH.—"Come, follow."

1 Come, fol - low, fol-low, fol-low, fol - low, fol-low, fol-low me:

2 Whither shall I fol - low, fol-low, fol-low, Whither shall I fol-low, fol-low thee?

3 Down by the wil-low, wil-low, wil-low, Down by the wil-low, wil-low tree.

CHORUS. — "Come with the Gipsy Bride."

Arranged from BALFE.

f Allegretto. *p*

Come with the Gip-sy bride, and re-pair to the fair, Where the ma - zy dance will the hours en-trance. In the Gipsy's life you

f *p*

Come with the Gip-sy bride, and re - pair to the fair, Where the ma - zy dance will the hours en-trance. In the Gipsy's life you

Cres. *f* *p* *f* *p*

read, The life that all would like to lead, In the Gipsy's life you read, The life that all would like to lead. Sometimes un-der roof, and sometimes

3 3 Cres. *f* *p* *f* *p*

read, The life that all would like to lead, In the Gipsy's life you read, The life that all would like to lead. Sometimes un-der roof, and sometimes

Cres. *f*

thrown where the wild wolf makes his lair, Where the wolf makes his lair, Where the wolf makes his lair, For he who's no home to call his

Where the wolf makes his lair, Where the wolf makes his lair,

Cres. *f*

thrown where the wild wolf makes his lair, Where the wolf makes his lair, Where the wolf makes his lair, ... For he who's no home to call his

f

Where the wolf makes his lair, Where the wolf makes his lair.

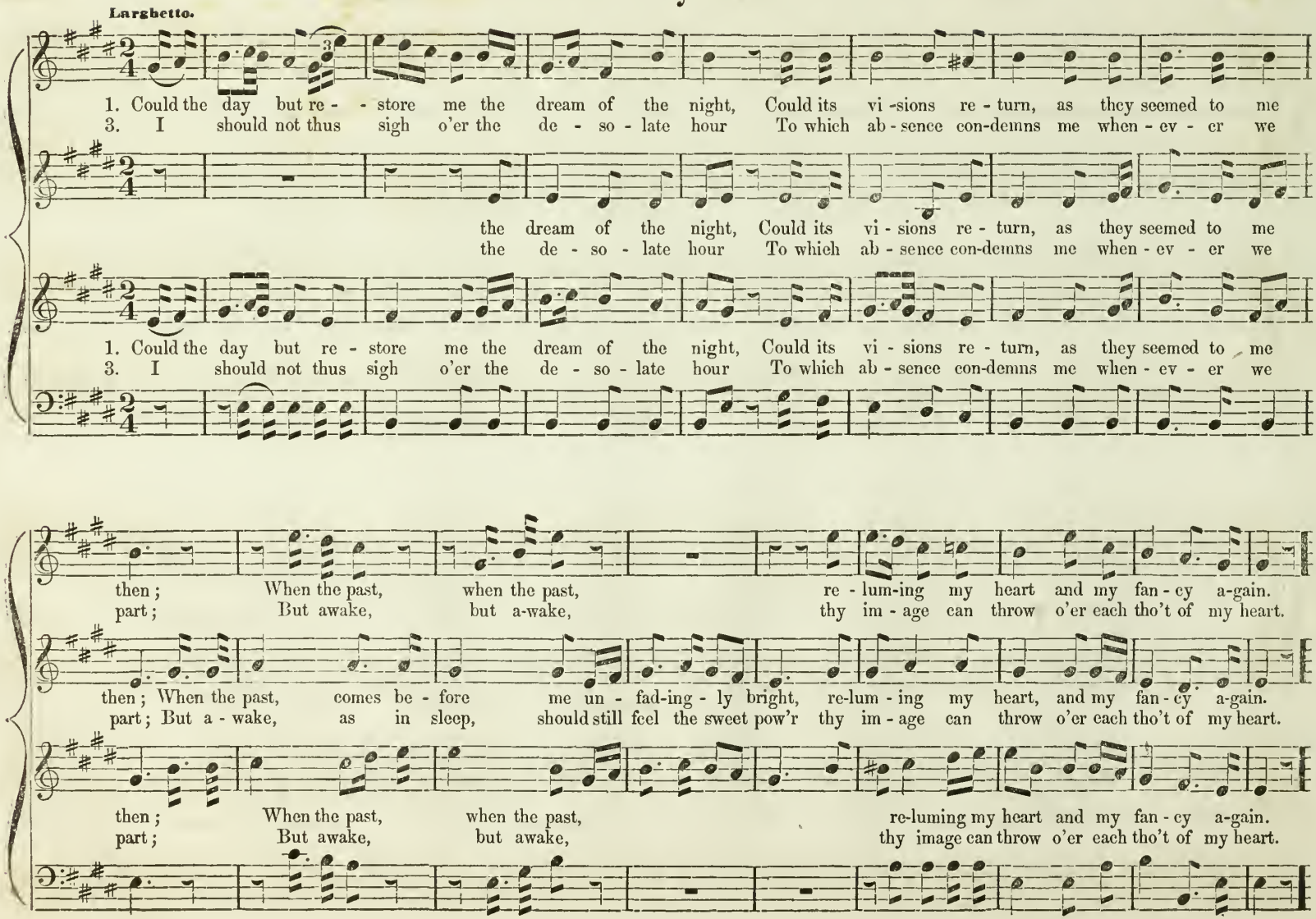
ff

own, Will find, will find a home some-where, For he who's no home to call his own, Will find a home somewhere, Ah ! Ah !

own, Will find, will find a home some-where, For he who's no home to call his own, Will find a home somewhere, Ah ! Ah !

ff

GLEE. — "Could the day but restore me."



2. Could I feel once a - gain the soft breath of that sigh, Which be - trayed all the lips did not dare to re - veal, Could I
4. But my dream, like the love-breath-ing, treach - e - rous rose, Which I gathered at evening my couch to a - dorn, O'er my

2. Could I feel once a - gain the soft breath of that sigh, Which be-trayed all the lips did not dare to re - veal, Could I
4. But my dream, like the love-breathing treach - er - ous rose, Which I gath-ered at eve-ning my couch to a - dorn, O'er my

see once a - gain the fond glance of that eye, Which stole from my heart, all I wished to con - ceal.
sleep all its sweetness and love - li - ness throws, And I wake in the morn-ing, to find— but a thorn.

see once a - gain the fond glance of that eye, Which stole from my heart all I wished to con - ceal.
sleep all its sweetness and love - li - ness throws, And I wake in the morn - ing to find— but a thorn

Could I see a - gain the fond glance of that eye, Which stole from my heart all I wished to con - ceal.
O'er my sleep its sweetness and love - li - ness throws, And I wake in the morn - ing to find— but a thorn.

GLEE. — "The Foresters."

H. R. BISHOP.

f Allegro.

1. How mer - ri - ly live, How mer - ri - ly live we who for - es - ters are, How mer - ri - ly live, How mer - ri - ly live we who for-est - ers

f

2. Ere morn o'er the hill, Ere morn o'er the hill lift her soul-cheer-ing eye, Ere morn o'er the hill, Ere morn o'er the hill lift her soul-cheering

p

are, Our guide, our guide and our emblem the moon's silver star, the moon's silver star, The sky is our tent, is our tent, the wood is our home, the wood is our

p

eye, With rifle, with ri - fle and pouch thro' the forest we hie, the for-est we hie, No hardship, no hardship can fright us, the sun and the rain, the sun and the

f

home, Our ri - fle the scep-tre, Our ri - fle the sceptre wherev - er we roam, wherev - er we roam, Our ri - fle the sceptre wherev - er we

f

rain, Have found to as - sail us, Have found to as - sail us, is fight-ing in vain, is fighting in vain, Have found to as - sail us is fighting in

p

roam, wher - ev - er we roam, *p* If life has a pleas-ure, that pleasure we'll share,

If life has a pleasure, *p* that pleasure we'll share, If life has a

vain, is fight - ing in vain, If life has a pleasure, that pleasure we'll share,

f

that sor-row we'll bear, If life has a sor-row, that sor-row we'll bear, that sor - row we'll bear, If life, If life has a sor - row, that

sor-row,

f

that sor-row we'll bear, If life has a sor-row, that sorrow we'll bear, that sor - row we'll bear, If life, If life has a sor-row, that

Dolce. a poco piu lento.

pp

sorrow we'll bear, Oh! oh! mer-ri-ly oh! Oh! Oh! merri-ly oh! La la la la la la.

La, la la la la la.

Dolce. a poco piu lento.

pp

sorrow we'll bear, Oh! oh! mer-ri-ly oh! Oh! Oh! merri-ly oh! La la la la la la.

La, la, la la la la.

Allegretto. *p*

Min-gle with life and its pleasures, Joys from the region a-bove; Love is the crown of our treasures, The soul of E - lysium is Love!

p

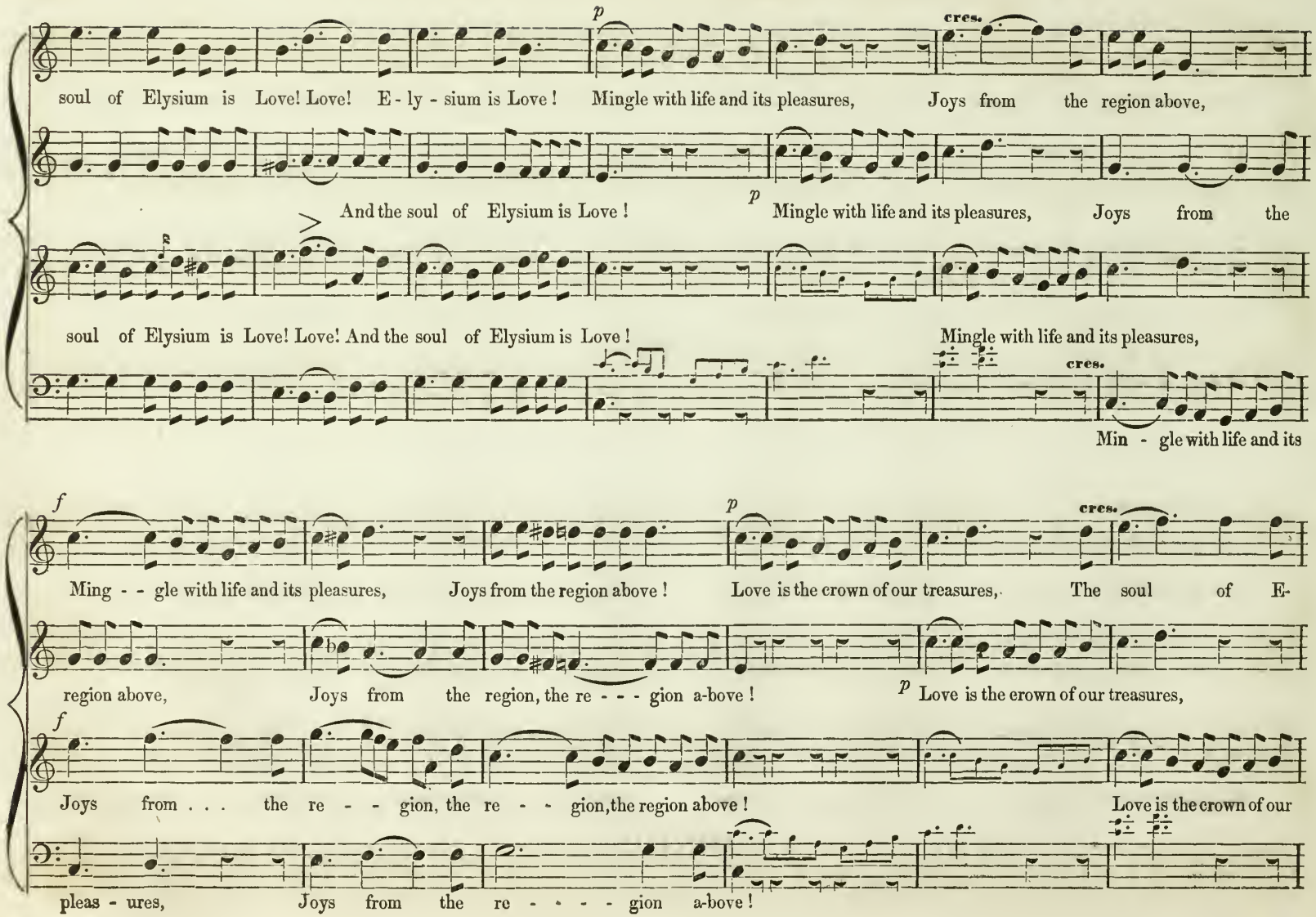
Ming-le with life and its pleasures, Joys from the region a-bove; Love is the crown of our treasures, The soul of E - lysium is Love!

f

Ming-le with life and its pleasures, Joys from the region a - bove! Love is the crown of our treasures, And the soul of Elysium is Love! Love! And the

f

Ming-le with life and its pleasures, Joys from the region a - bove! Love is the crown of our treasures, And the soul of Elysium is Love! Love! And the


p
cres.
soul of Elysium is Love! Love! E - ly - sium is Love! Mingle with life and its pleasures, Joys from the region above,
And the soul of Elysium is Love!
p
Mingle with life and its pleasures, Joys from the
soul of Elysium is Love! Love! And the soul of Elysium is Love!
Mingle with life and its pleasures,
cres.
Min - gle with life and its
f
p
cres.
Ming - - gle with life and its pleasures, Joys from the region above! Love is the crown of our treasures, The soul of E-
region above, Joys from the region, the re - - - gion a-bove!
p
Love is the crown of our treasures,
f
Joys from . . . the re - - gion, the re - - gion, the region above!
Love is the crown of our
pleas - ures, Joys from the re - - - - gion a-bove!

f

lysium is love! Love . . is the crown of our treasures, The soul of E - ly - sium is love! And the soul of E - ly - sium is love! The

soul of . . . . E - lysium is love! The soul, and the soul of E - ly - - sium is love! And the soul . . . of E -

treas - ures, The soul, ... the soul . . of E - ly - - sium is love, the soul of E - ly - - sium is love, . . And the

cres. *f*

Love . . . is the crown of our treas - ures, The soul of . . E - ly - - - - sium is love! love! And the soul of E - -

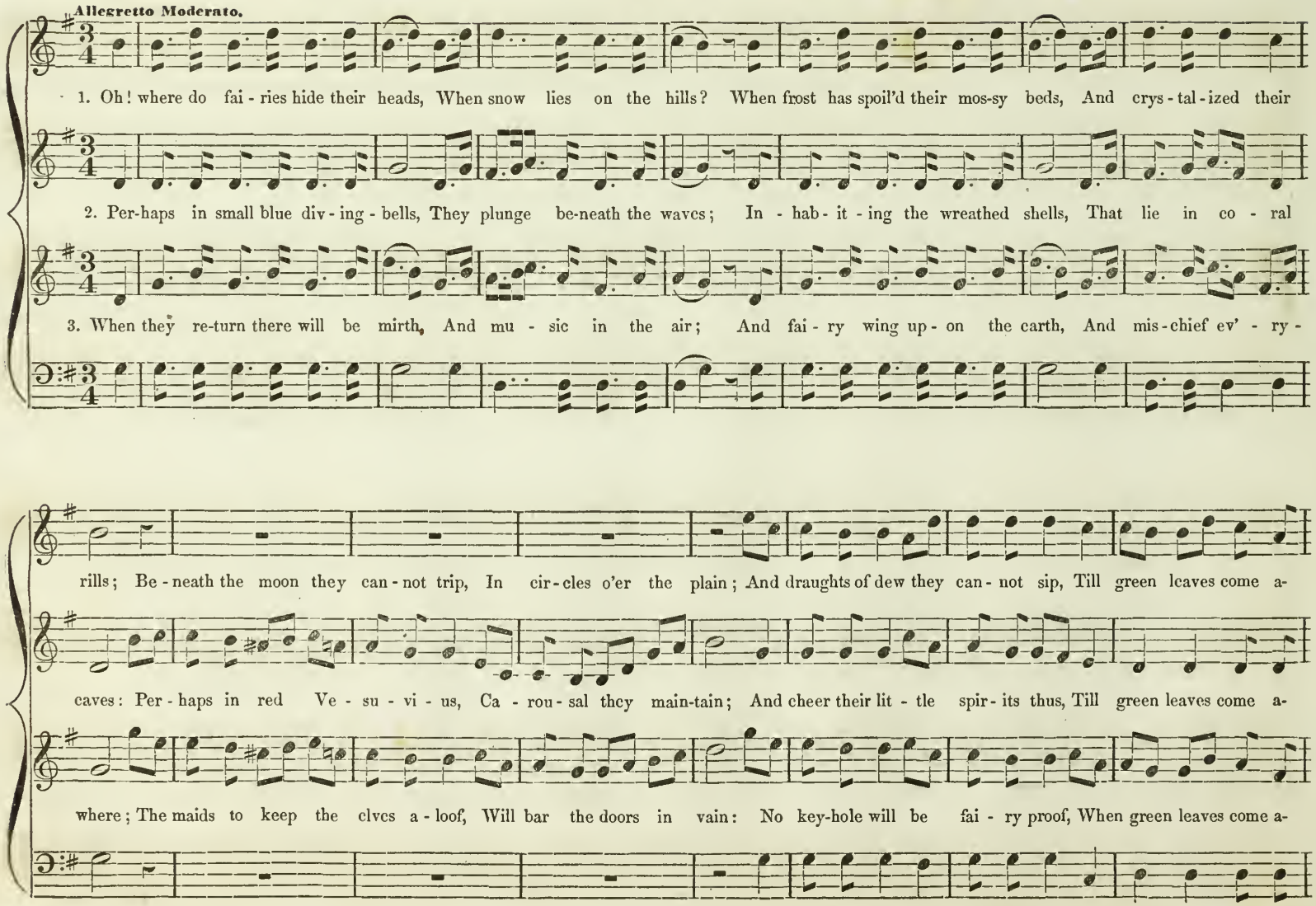
soul of E-lysium is love! And the soul of E - ly - - - sium is love, of E-ly - sium is love! the soul of Elysium is love, the soul of Elysium is love.

ly - sium is love, the soul of E-ly - - - sium is love, the soul of E-ly - sium is love, of E - ly - sium is love, of E - ly - sium is love.

soul of E-lysium is love, And the soul, And the soul, the soul of Elysium is love, the soul of Elysium is love, the soul of Elysium is love.

ly - - sium is love, love! And the soul of E - ly - - sium is love, of E-ly - sium is love, of E - ly - sium is love.

GLEE.—"Oh! where do Fairies hide their heads."



gain, Till green leaves come a - gain. Oh! draughts of dew they can - not sip, Till green leaves come a - gain.

gain, Till green leaves come a - gain, Till green leaves come a - gain, They cheer their lit - tle spir - its thus, Till green leaves come a - gain.

gain, When green leaves come a - gain, When green leaves come a-gain, No key - hole will be fai - ry proof, When green leaves come a - gain.

ROUND. — "Afar o'er Meadow."

1 A - far o'er meadow, brake, and brook, We fol - low hawk and hound, 2

2 And wake the mer - ry view—hal - loo! And bu - gle's pierc - ing sound; 3

3 Hal - loo! 4

4 O'er hedges we leap, thro' the wild forests sweep, hal - loo! hal - loo! hal - loo! 1

ROUND. — "Over Hill."

1 O - ver hill, o - ver dale, 2

2 Thro' the bush, thro' the brier, 3

3 O - ver park, o - ver pale, 4

4 Thro' the flood, thro' the fire. 1

QUARTETT. — "Not a summer friend would stay."

Moderato.

1. My gar - den onee display'd Each fair leaf'd summer flow'r, And fragrant tendrils made A eurtain for my bow'r: They are gone! They are

1. My gar - den onee display'd Each fair leaf'd summer flow - er, And fragrant tendrils made A eurtain for my bow'r: They are gone! They are

And made, A eurtain for my bow'r: They are gone!

gone! It will nev - er more be gay; When I lost the bright sun, Not a sum-mer bud would stay, Not a sum - mer bud would stay.

gone! It will nev - er more be gay; When I lost the bright sun, Not a sum-mer bud would stay, Not a sum - mer bud would stay.

They are gone! they are gone!

2. My gar - den has been full Of friends of for-mer hours, Who gai - ly come, to cull The fair-est of my flow'rs: They are gone!

They are gone! They are

2. My gar - den has been full Of friends of for-mer hours. Who gai - ly come, to cull The fair-est of my flow'rs: They are gone! They are

Who come to cull They are gone!

they are gone! It will nev - er more be gay: When I lost the bright sun, Not a summer friend would stay! Not a sum - mer friend would stay!

gone! It will nev-er more be gay: When I lost the bright sun, Not a summer friend would stay! Not a sum - mer friend would stay!

gone! It will nev-er more be gay: When I lost the bright sun, Not a summer friend would stay! Not a sum - mer friend would stay!

are gone!

GLEE. — "The Musician of the Nile."

Translated from the German by J. C. JOHNSON.

W. SPEIER.

1. A mer-ry heart-ed fid-dler stroll'd once a-long the Nile; O tem-po-re!* O mo-res, O mo-res, O mo-res, O mo-res! When
2. Then quickly drew the Mas-ter his fid-dle from its shell; O tem-po-re! O mo-res, O mo-res, O mo-res, O mo-res! And

3. And as in rap-id numbers the mu-sic 'gan to flow, O tem-po-ro! O mo-res, O mo-res, O mo-res, O mo-res! Be-
4. The eroe-o-di-lus daneing, sev'n pyr-a-mids a-woke; O tem-po-re! O mo-res, O mo-res, O mo-res, O mo-res! Who
5. And when the mighty liz-ard was pummel'd out of life, O tem-po-re! O mo-res, O mo-res, O mo-res, O mo-res! On

splash-ing from the riv-er a-rose a eroe-o-dile,— O tem-po-re! O mo-res, O mo-res, O mo-res!—With foul in-tent to
with har-mo-nious measure play'd skilful-ly and well,— O tem-po-re! O mo-res, O mo-res, O mo-res!—So neat-ly and com-

O

gan the fish-y monster, a dancer's skill to show;— O tem-po-re! O mo-res, O mo-res, O mo-res!—Minu-ets and mod-ern
pounded with their mo-tion the des-ert in-to smoke;— O tem-po-re! O mo-res, O mo-res, O mo-res!—For they are wide a-
walked the bold mu-si-cian in safe-ty from the strife;— O tem-po-re! O mo-res, O mo-res, O mo-res!—Thus by the an-cient

* Pronounced *tem-po-ray.*

swallow, With foul in - tent to swal-low : Who knows what one may see? Who knows, who knows what one may
plete - ly, So neat-ly and com - plete - ly, Who, &c.

tempo-re! O mo-res! Who knows, Who knows what one may

waltz - es, Minu-ets and mod-ern waltz - es; Who knows what one may see?
wake sir, For they are wide a - wake sir; Who knows what one may see? Who knows, who knows what one may see? Who knows what one may
Ni - lus, Thus by the an-cient Ni - lus; Who knows, &c.

see? Ju - val - le - ra,* Ju - val - le - ra! O tem-po, tem-po, tem-po - re! and praise to thee, Dame Mel - o - dy, shall ev - er be.

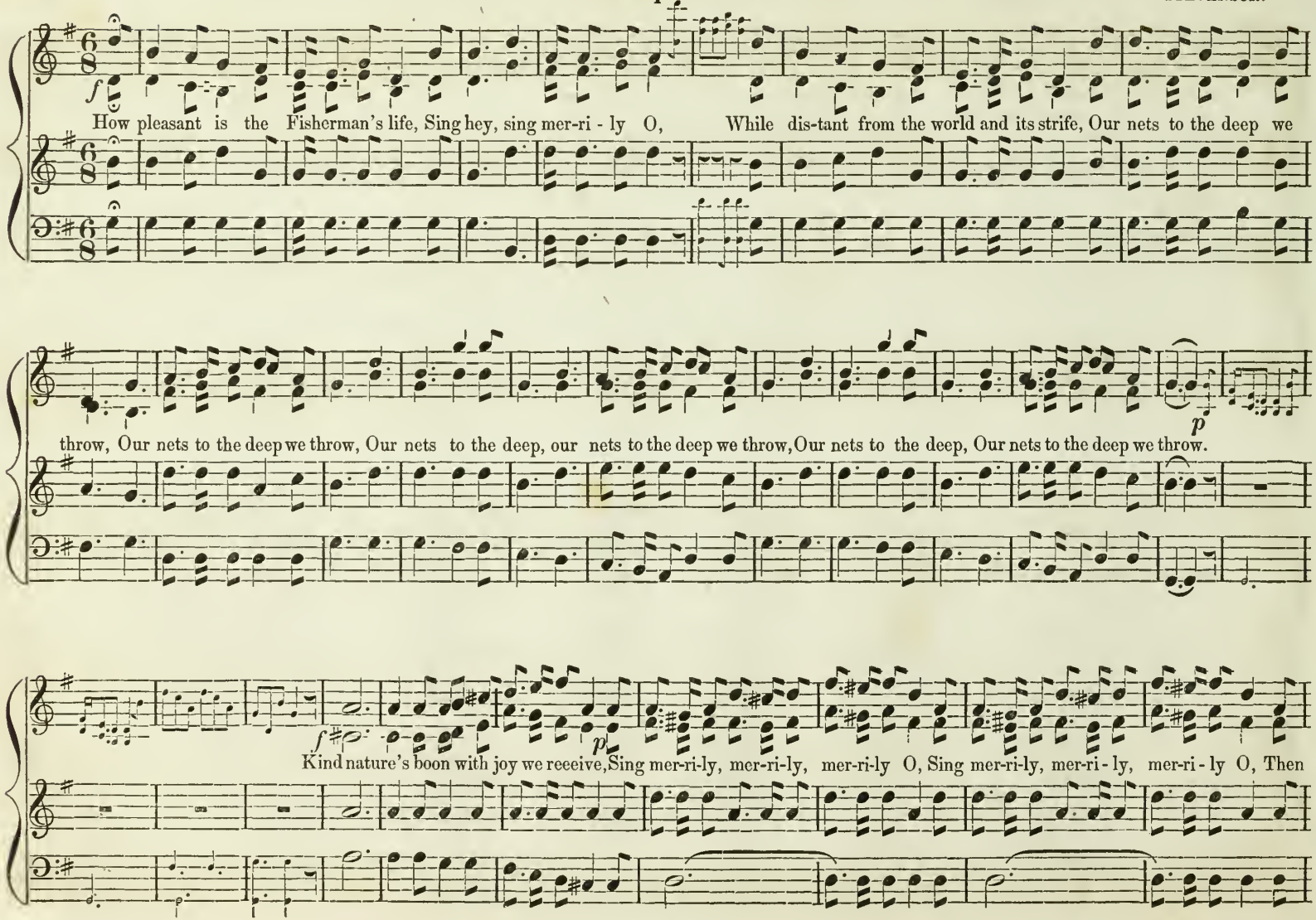
see? Ju - val - le - ra, Ju - val - le - ra! O tem-po, tem-po, tem-po - re! and praise to thee, Dame Mel - o - dy, shall ev - er be.

see? Ju - val - le - ra, Ju - val - le - ra! O tem-po, tem-po, tem-po - re! and praise to thee, Dame Mel - o - dy, shall ev - er be.

* Pronounced *you-fah-lay-rah.*

FISHERMAN'S GLEE.—"How pleasant is the Fisherman's life."

STEVENSON.



homeward over the friendly wave, With a merry pull we row, Then homeward over the friendly wave, With a merry pull we row, we row, we

row, With a merry pull we row, With a merry pull we row. . . . . How pleasant is the Fisherman's life, Sing hey, sing mer-ri-ly O,

Cres.

Cres.

While distant from the world and its strife, Our nets to the deep we throw, Our nets to the deep we throw, Our nets to the deep, Our nets to the deep we

throw, Our nets to the deep, Our nets to the deep we throw, Sing-ing row, brothers, light-ly row, light-ly, light-ly row, While the moon beaming

brightly, we row, we row, Sing-ing row, brothers, light-ly row, lightly, lightly row, While the moon beaming brightly, we row, we row.

row, ...

f *p*

mer-ri - ly, cheer-i-ly row, mer-ri - ly, cheer-i-ly row, merri-ly, cheer-i-ly row, mer-ri-ly, cheer-i-ly row, mer-ri-ly, cheer-i-ly row.

TRIO.—"Ha! ha! ha!"

W. W. PARTRIDGE.

For three Sopranos.

p *m*

Ha ha ha! the blast rings o'er us, Sis-ters, sis-ters, we are one: Bright the hearth flame beams before us, And our dai-ly toil is done,

Ha ha ha! the gale is knocking At the good old oak-en door; And the household pines are rocking, As they used to rock of yore;

Ha ha ha! a-way with sad-ness— Is it not a thing un-holy, To transform the house of gladness In-to those of mel-ancholy?

p Cres.

And the win't'ry blast is yell-ing, yell-ing, But we'll mer-ry be with-in, Tho' the winds without are swelling, And the storm makes savage din,

List-en! sis-ters, blasts are fly-ing, fly-ing, O'er the mount and thro' the dell, Tempests on the hill are sighing, But our yule-log crackles well,

Storms may come up-on the mor-row, mor-row, But they'll pass as they came on, Whether we con-sent to sorrow, Or make merry till they're gone,

ff

And the storm makes savage din. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! Oh how hap-py we will be, Oh how hap-py, hap-py we will be.

But our yule-log crackles well. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! Oh how hap-py we will be, Oh how hap-py, hap-py we will be.

Or make mer-ry till they're gone. Ha ha, &c.

POTPOURRI.—"From our own native mountains."

Selected and arranged from "THE CHILD OF THE REGIMENT."

Moderato. Chorus. Sopranos. Words by J. C. JOHNSON.

From our own na-tive moun - - tains, To the dread bat - tle plain, March the sol - - - - diers of

Tenor.

From our own native mountains, To the dread plain, From our own na-tive mountains, To the dread bat - tle, To the dread bat - tle

Dolce. Quartett.

hon - - or, Fair Lib-er-ty's glo - rious prize to gain! To the friends we are leav - ing, We sad - ly bid a-

plain March the soldiers of honor, Fair Lib-er-ty's glo-rious prize to gain! To the friends we are leaving, The friends we are leaving, We sad - ly bid a-

Cres. Chorus. *ff* Piu mosso.

dieu, ... Now to free - - - dom and glo - - - ry, Our hearts shall be ev - er true, Our hearts . .

dieu, To the friends we are leaving, We bid a - dieu Now to freedom and glo - ry, to freedom and glo - ry, Our hearts shall be ev - er true, Our

. . . be ev - er true,

Tempo di Marcia. Dolce. Quartett.

hearts, be ev - er true, Be ev - er true, To free - dom ev - er true, Be ev-er true. Knows not the world, says not the world, Ours is the

right, and ours the glo - ry? Nought will we fear, Much will we dare, We shall be fam'd, be fam'd in sto - ry, Free are our thoughts, as the winds that

Cres - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - cen - - - - - - - - - - do.

Carry on, how they gaze, how they gaze and

rove, Yet fondly re-turn to the maids we love, To the maids we love, the maids we love.

f *p* Rall. Chorus. Vivace. *f*

Carry on, how they gaze, how they gaze and

stare, And they shout, And they shout till it fills the air, For the praise of our com - pa - ny, Hail to the sons of vic - to - ry!

stare, And they shout, and they shout, till it fills the air, For the praise of our compa - ny. Hail to the sons of vic - to - ry!

ff

Allegro con Brio.

Hail to the sons of vic - to - ry, The sons of vic - to - ry, The sons of vic - - to - ry, Carry on, carry on, Carry on, to the trumpet's

Hail to the sons of vic - to - ry, The sons of vic - to - ry, The sons of vic - - to - ry, Carry on, carry on, Carry on, to the trumpet's

f

clang, To the trumpet's clang, and the bugle's call, And the roll of the stirring drum. Tral la la, tral la la, tral la la. Tral la la, tral la la la

clang, To the trumpet's clang, and the bugle's call, And the roll of the stirring drum. Tral la la, tral la la, tral la la. Tral la la, tral la la la

la. To the trumpet's clang, and the bugle's call, And the roll of the stirring drum, Tral la la la la, Tral la la la la, Tral la la la la, Tral la

la. To the trumpet's clang, and the bugle's call, And the roll of the stirring drum, Tral la la la la, Tral la la la la, Tral la la la la, Tra la

la, ...

la, Tral la la, Tral la la, Tral la la, Tral la la, Tral la la, Tral la la, Tral la la. Ra-taplan, Rataplan, Ra-ta-plan, Says the roll of the stirring

la, Tral la la, Tral la la, Tral la la, Tral la la, Tral la la, Tral la la, Tral la la. Ra-taplan, Rataplan, Ra-ta-plan, Says the roll of the stirring

p *f*

Ra-ta-plan, ... Ra-ta-plan, . . .

drum, Ra - ta-plan, Ra-ta-plan, Ra-ta - plan, Ra-taplan, Ra-ta-plan, Ra-taplan, Ra-ta-plan, Ra-ta - plan, Ra-ta-plan, Ra-ta-

drum, Ra - ta-plan, Ra-ta-plan, Ra-ta - plan, Ra-ta-plan, Ra-ta-plan, Ra-taplan, Ra-ta-plan, Ra-ta - plan, Ra-ta-plan, ... Ra-ta-

. . . . .

p Quartett. Cres.

plan, Ra-ta-plan, Ra-taplan, plan, plan, Ra-taplan, plan, plan, Ra-taplan, plan, plan, Rata-plan, plan, plan, Ra-taplan, plan, plan, Ra-ta-plan, plan,

plan, Ra-ta-plan, ... Ra-taplan, plan, plan, Ra-taplan, plan, plan, Ra-taplan, plan, plan, Ra-taplan, plan, plan, Ra-taplan, plan, plan, Ra-taplan, plan,

f Chorus.

plan, Ra-taplan, Ra-ta - plan, Ra-taplan, plan, plan. As we march to fame and to vie-to - ry, To the field of fame and of vie - to - ry. To the field, to the

plan, Ra-taplan, Ra-ta - plan, Ra-taplan, plan, plan. As we march to fame and to vie-to - ry, To the field of fame and of vie - to - ry. To the field, to the

Moderato.

field and to vic - to - ry, to the field, to the field. God bless our native land, Bright shall her glory be, Peace weave thy snowy band, Crown her sweet

field and to vic - to - ry, to the field, to the field. God bless our native land, Bright shall her glory be, Peace weave thy snowy band, Crown her sweet

Liber-ty. God bless our native land, Bright shall her glory be, On, on to noble strife, And vic-to - ry, And tho' now in bat-tle fall,

Lib-er-ty. God bless our native land, Bright shall her glory be, On, on to noble strife, And vic-to - ry, And tho' now in bat-tle fall,

Decres. *p* poco accello.' e cres. Ritard.

Some who for loved ones sigh, Nought shall our hearts appal, We'll conquer or die, For freedom, for freedom, We'll conquer or die. . .

Some who for loved ones sigh, Nought shall our hearts appal, We'll conquer or die, We'll conquer, for freedom, for freedom, We'll conquer or die.

ff Tempo.

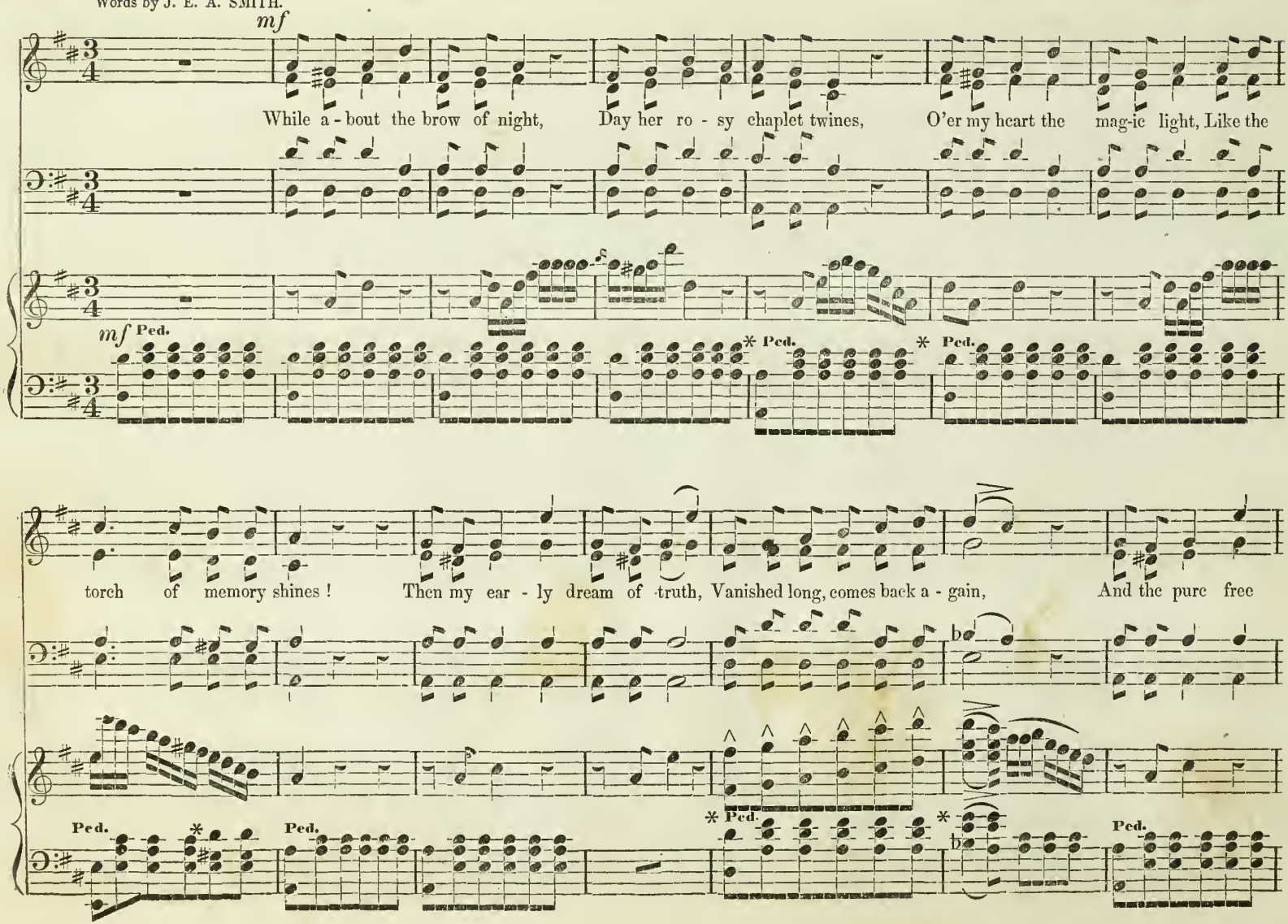
God bless our native land, Bright shall her glory be, On, on to noble strife, And victo - ry! For freedom and vic-to-ry, For freedom and vic - to - ry.

God bless our native land, Bright shall her glory be, On, on to noble strife, And victo - ry! For freedom and vic-to-ry, For freedom and vic - to - ry.

CHORUS. — "While about the brow of night."

Words by J. E. A. SMITH.

Arranged from MERCADANTE.



ad lib. tempo.

heart of youth, Spurns once more each sor-did chain. Thus its balm the twi-light pours On the lone - ly heart of woe,

Ped. * ad lib. tempo. Ped. * Ped. *

While the change-ful cloud restores Love-lost forms of long a - go. Thus, while star on star the skies un - fold, The

Ped. * Ped. * 8va

f

kind-ly vi - - sions round me come, Till mine eyes, a - mid their tears be-hold My far off spir - it home, My

8va ..... loco.

ff

far off spir-it home, My far off spir-it home, My far off spir-it home. . . .

8va ..... *ff* ..... loco.

f Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

CHORUS. — "Lightly Trip."

Words by J. E. A. SMITH.

Arranged from MERCADANTE.

1st Soprano. 2d Soprano. 1st 2d.

p

Light-ly trip . . and gai-ly bound, Light-ly trip . . . and gai-ly bound, Fai-ries all . . . come tread a - round, Fai-ries

Light-ly trip . . and gai-ly bound, Light-ly trip . . . and gai-ly bound, Fai-ries all . . . come tread a - round, Fai-ries

p

1st. 2d. 1st. 2d. 1st.

In our haunts . . . . no guile be

all, . . come tread around, From our rev - el, From our rev - el far be e - vil, far be e - vil, In our haunts

all, . . come tread around, From our rev - el, From our rev - el far be e - vil, far be e - vil, In our haunts . . . . no guile be

found . . . . . In our haunts, In our haunts no guile be found. Fai-ries twine . . . . a garland green, ...

f *p*

no guile be found, In our haunts no guile be found. Fairies twine, a garland green,

found . . . . . In our haunts, In our haunts no guile be found. Fai-res twine a garland green, Faries

tr tr

f *p*

Ped. * Ped. *

Fai-ries twine a garland green, Gemm'd with dews . . . . to erown our queen, ... Gemm'd with dews,

Fai-ries twine a garland green, Gemm'd with dews, to erown our queen, Gemm'd with dews,

twiue, ... a garland green. . . . . Gemm'd with dews, to erown our queen, Gemm'd with dews . . to erown our

tr tr tr tr

8va

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

to crown our queen, From our por - - tals, far be mor - - - tals,

to crown our queen, From our por-tals, From our por-tals, far be mortals, far be mortals,

queen, . . . From our por - - tals, far be mor - - tals, Magic

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

rites . . must guard the scene, . . . Yes, mag-ic rites, Yes, magic rites must guard the scene, must guard the

f *ff*

mag-ic rites . . must guard the scene, . . . Yes, magic rites must guard the scene, must guard the

rites . . must guard the scene, . . Yes, mag-ic rites, Yes, mag-ic rites must guard the scene, must guard the

f loco.

tr tr

Cres.

Ped. *f* *ff* 8 - - - - - -

scene, Must guard the scene, Must guard the scene, Must guard the scene, Yes, Mag-ic rites must guard the scene.

scene, Must guard the scene, Must guard the scene, Must guard the scene, Yes, Mag-ic rites must guard the scene.

Trem.

SOLO & CHORUS.—"Boat Song."

Words by J. O. JOHNSON.

Allegro. Tenor Solo. Quartett.

1. A sailing on the o - cean; From morning's early ray, With winds in gentle motion, Our bark pursues her way. A sailing on the o-cean, From morning's early

2. A sailing on the o-cean; We'll hail fair ev'ning's ray, While homeward gently gliding, Our bark pursues her way.

A sailing on the ocean, We'll hail fair ev'ning's

Chorus. *f*

ray, With waves in joyous motion, Our bark pursues her way, Then wake the cheerful chorus, We love, we love to be, While skies are brightning o'er us, Upon the rolling

f

ray, While homeward gently gliding, Our bark pursues her way, Then wake the cheerful chorus, We love, we love to be, While skies are brightning o'er us, Upon the rolling

Dim. Cres. *f* Dim. *ff*

sea, Then wake the cheerful chorus, We love, we love to be, While skies are brightning o'er us, Upon the rolling sea, Upon the rolling sea, Up-on . . the rolling sea.

Dim. Cres. *f* Dim. *ff*

sea, Then wake the cheerful chorus, We love, we love to be, While skies are brightning o'er us, Upon the rolling sea, Upon the rolling sea, Up-on the rolling sea.

SOLO & CHORUS.—"Come, follow me."

H. R. BISHOP.

Solo Soprano.

Come, follow, follow, fol-low me, . . ye fai - ry elves that be, O'er tops of dewy grass, So nimbly do we pass, so

nimbly, nimbly, nimbly, nimbly do we pass; The young and ten - der stalk, Ne'er bends when we do walk; Come, follow, follow, follow, follow,

follow, follow me; Come, follow, follow, fol - low me. Come follow, follow, fol - low me, . . Ye fai - ry elves that be; O'er

tops of dewy grass, so nimbly do we pass, so nimbly, nimbly, nimbly, nimbly do we pass, The young and ten-der stalk, Ne'er bends when we do walk; The

young and ten - der stalk, ... Ne'er bends when we do walk; Come, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow me, Come, follow, follow,

fol-low, fol-low, fol - low me, Come, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, me, Come, follow, follow, follow, follow, fol - low me.

ff CHORUS. Largo Maestoso. Andantino un poco Allegretto.

Now a - way, no long-er stay, Meet we all by break of day.

Now a - way, no long-er stay, Meet we all by break of day.

ff Solo.

Now a - way, no long-er stay, Meet we all by break of day. Come, fol-low, fol - low, fol - low me, ye fai - ry, fai - ry

p Solo.

We fol-low, fol-low, fol-low thee, we fai - ry, fai - ry elves that be, O'er tops of dew - y, dew - y grass, so nim-bly, nim-bly

p Solo.

We fol-low, fol-low, fol-low thee, we fai - ry, fai - ry elves that be, O'er tops of dew - y, dew - y grass, so nim-bly, nim-bly

elves that be, Come, fol-low, fol-low, fol-low me, ye fai - ry, fai - ry elves that be, O'er tops of dew - y, dew - y grass, so nim-bly, nim-bly

p Solo.

We fol-low, fol-low, fol-low thee, we fai - ry, fai - ry elves that be, O'er tops of dew - y, dew - y grass, so nim-bly, nim-bly

Chorus.

do we pass, so nim-bly, nim-bly, nim-bly, nim-bly, nimbly, do we pass, We fol-low, fol-low, fol-low thee, we fai - ry, fai - ry

Chorus.

do we pass, so nim-bly, nim-bly, nim-bly, nim-bly, nimbly, do we pass, We fol-low, fol-low, fol-low thee, we fai - ry, fai - ry

do we pass, so nim-bly, nim-bly, nim-bly, nim-bly, nim-bly, do we pass . . . . . .

Chorus.

do we pass, so nim-bly, nim-bly, nim-bly, nim-bly, nimbly, do we pass, We fol-low, fol-low, fol-low thee, we fai - ry, fai - ry

Cres. *f*

elves that be, We fol-low, fol-low, fol-low thee, we fai - ry, fai - ry elves that be, O'er tops of dew - y dew - y grass, so nim-bly, nim-bly

Cres.

elves that be, We fol-low, fol-low, fol-low thee, we fai - ry, fai - ry elves that be, O'er tops of dew - y, dew - y grass, so nim-bly, nim-bly

Chorus. *f*

. . . . . Come, fol-low, fol - low, fol-low me, ye fai - ry, fai - ry elves that be, O'er tops of dew - y, dew - y grass, so nim-bly, nim-bly

elves that be, We fol-low, fol-low, fol-low thee, we fai - ry, fai - ry elves that be, O'er tops of dew - y, dew - y grass, so nim-bly, nim-bly

pp Dolce.

do we pass, so nimbly, nimbly, nimbly, nimbly, nimbly do we pass, so nimbly do we pass, so nim-bly do we pass, so

do we pass, so nimbly, nimbly, nimbly, nimbly, nimbly do we pass, so nimbly do we pass, so nim-bly do we pass, so

pp Dolce.

do we pass, so nimbly, nimbly, nimbly, nimbly, nimbly do we pass, so nimbly do we pass, so nim-bly do we pass, so

do we pass, so nimbly, nimbly, nimbly, nimbly, nimbly do we pass, so nimbly do we pass, so nim-bly do we pass, so

nimbly, nimbly, nimbly, nimbly, nimbly do we pass, so nim - bly do we pass, so nimbly do we

nimbly, nimbly, nimbly, nimbly do we pass, so nim - bly do we pass, so nimbly do we

nim-bly, nim-bly, nimbly, nimbly do . . . . . we pass, so nim - bly do we pass, so nim - bly do we pass, we

nim-bly, nim-bly, nimbly, nimbly do we pass, so nim-bly do we pass, so nimbly do we

f *pp*

pass, so nim-bly, nim-bly, nim-bly do we pass, so nim-bly do we pass, so nim-bly do we pass, so nim-bly, so

pass, so nim-bly, nim-bly, nim-bly do we pass, so nim-bly do we pass, so nim-bly do we pass, so nim-bly, so

f *pp*

pass, so nim-bly, nim-bly, nim-bly do . . . . we pass, so nim-bly do we pass, so nim-bly do we pass, so nim-bly, so

pass, so nim-bly, nim-bly do we pass, so nim-bly do we pass, so nim-bly do we pass, so nim-bly, so

nim-bly, so nimbly do we pass, we pass, we pass, so nim-bly do we pass. . . . . .

nim-bly, so nimbly do we pass, we pass, we pass, so nim-bly do we pass. . . . . .

nim-bly, so nimbly do we pass, we pass, . . . so nim - - bly do we pass. . . . . .

nim-bly, so nimbly do we pass, we pass, we pass, so nim-bly do we pass. . . . . .

CHORUS. — "The Oaks."

Words by J. C. JOHNSON.

Arranged from VERDI.

Allegro con Brio.

f

p

Cres.

f

ff

1st Sopranos.

f

Ha! Ha! . . we've stem'd the stream, A thou-sand years a-long Thy stor-my course, O Time! Some-times . .

Tenors.

mf

2d Sopranos.

. . . . in lightning's gleam, . . And the water's rousing song, And thunder crash sublime, From memory long have fad - ed, The na-tions of our

Bases.

childhood, And all the works of man, ... In dust . . . . have laid, while we, . . . Ex-ult-ing, toss our crown Of branches, hale and free.

p *ff*

We've seen the gen - tle child at play, The maid - en fair, the lov - er gay, And oft they sought at evening hour, Our cool leafy bow'r, And conq'ring

p *ff*

We've seen the gen - tle child at play, The maid - en fair, the lov - er gay, And oft they sought at evening hour, Our cool leafy bow'r, And conq'ring

p *ff*

armies on their way, Have paused beneath the arches gray, And age, with slow and faltering tread, Hath sought and blest the peaceful shade; O many an

p *ff*

armies on their way, Have paused beneath the arches gray, And age, with slow and faltering tread, Hath sought and blest the peaceful shade; O many an

p

ar - my on its way, Hath paused beneath our arches gray, And aye, with slow and faltering tread, Hath sought, hath blest the grateful shade;

Cres.

Then let the world

p

ar - my on its way, Hath paused beneath our arches gray, And aye, with slow and faltering tread, Hath sought, hath blest the grateful shade;

Cres. *f*

Then let the world

ff

Cres.

Then let the world roll, Our song of a thou - - sand, thou - - sand years, Then let the world

roll, Then let the world roll, No pow'r shall control Our song of a thou - - sand, a thou - - sand years, Then let the world roll, Then let the world

ff

Cres.

thou - - sand, thou - - sand years,

p

roll, No pow'r shall control, Then let the world roll,

- cen - - - - - do. *ff*

roll, Our song of a thou - - sand, thou - - sand years. In cho-rus

roll, No pow'r shall control, Our song of a thou - - sand, a thou - - sand years. In cho-rus

- cen - - - - - do. *ff*

thou - - sand, thou - - sand years, We'll join when win-t'ry tem-pests blow; In cho-rus

No pow'r shall control,

strong, The migh-ty song, a - mid thy stormy course, O Time, Our mighty song, our mighty song.

strong,

strong, And gen-e - ra-tions yet shall know The migh-ty song, a - mid thy stormy course, O Time, Our mighty song, our mighty song.

CHORUS.—"VICTORIA! VICTORIA!"

Words by J. E. A. SMITH. Arranged from AUBER.

Con Spirito. First 8 measures may be played for a Sym.

Sopranos.

Vic - to - ria! Vic - to - ria! Vic - to - ria! Vic - to - ria! Vic - to - - - -

Tenor.

Vic - to - ria! Vic - to - ria! Vic - to - ria! Vic - to - ria! Vic - to - - - -

Bass.

- - - - ria! Darkness flies a-main, Light o'er all shall reign, War and Hate be o'er, . . .

- - - - ria! Darkness flies a-main, Light o'er all shall reign, War and Hate be o'er, ...

Cres.

Love shall reign once more, . . . It comes, the glorious light, To ban - ish er-ror's night, Vic - to - ria! Vic-

Cres.

Love shall reign once more, . . . It comes, the glorious light, To ban - ish er-ror's night, Vic - to - ria! Vic-

Cres.

to - ria! Vic - to - ria! Vic - to - ria! Vic - to - - - - - ria! Joy! the morning breaks! Man from dreams a-

to - ria! Vic - to - ria! Vic - to - ria! Vic - to - - - - - ria! Joy! the morning breaks! Man from dreams a-

Cres. ff

wakes, War shall end in peace, Wrong and slav-ery cease! It comes, it comes, it comes, the glorious light, It

wakes, War shall end in peace, Wrong and slav-ery cease! It comes, it comes, it comes, the glorious light, It

Cres. ff

comes, it comes, To ban-ish er-ror's night. Vic-to - - ria! Vic-to - - ria! Vic-to - - ria!

comes, it comes, To ban-ish er-ror's night. Vic-to - - ria! Vic-to - - ria! Vic-to - - ria!

CHORUS. — "Back from his morning chase."

Arranged from 'Cinderella.'

Allegro con Brio. *f*

TENORS.

Back from his morning chase Our noble Prince doth ride, And to his mansion now he bends his way Un-to his Pal-ace your steps to guide, What joy will

BASES.

reign this hap-py day, Where soon some en-vy'd Bride Of this whole Realm the pride By our lov'd Prince's side Our hearts will sway,

By our lov'd Prince's side Our hearts will sway, Our hearts will sway, Our hearts will sway, Our hearts will sway, The Prince him-

Clorinda, 1st Soprano.

Clorinda and Thisbe 1st & 2d Soprano.

self you say? Now comes this way! And soon some envy'd Bride, We'll all o-bey, We'll all o-bey, We'll all o-bey. *f*

Cinderella, Alto.

Allegro Vivace.

Thisbe. Clorinda. This. Clo. This.

Cinderella quick come here, Cinderella quick come here, Cinderella quick come here, Bring my things into my room, Bring my things in-to my

Clo. This. Clo. This. Both.

room, Cinde-rel-la do you hear? Cin-de - rel - la do you hear? Cin-de-rel - la do you hear? Get my necklace and my plume, Get my necklace and my

Cinderella.

plume, Cin-de-rel-la now run here, Cinde-rel-la now run there, Cin-de - rel - la come this way, Cin-de - rel - la, night and day, Cin-de - rel - la now run

here, Cin-de-rel - la now run there, Cin-de-rel - la come this way, Cinde-rel-la night and day. 'Tis e -

Clo. & This.

What confusion's in my brain, What confusion's in my

nough to rive one's brain, Still thus to slave at

brain, Now the con-test is at hand, Now my triumph is at hand, Each is hop-ing yet to reign, Who knows yet but I may reign, Chosen queen o'er all the

their com - mand, Still thus to slave at their com - mand,

land, Chosen queen o'er all the land, Chosen queen o'er all the land, Chosen queen o'er all the land, o'er all the land, What confusion's in my

pp

Cres.

'Tis enough to rive my brain, Now my triumph is at hand, Thus to slave at their command, Who knows yet but I may reign, Treated ev-er with dis-

brain, What con - fu - - - sion's in my brain, Now the contest is at hand, Each is hoping yet to

Cres.

Chorus. *ff* Tenor.

O'er all the land, o'er

Chorus. Alto.

dain, Chosen queen o'er all the land, And abused on every hand, Treated ev-er with dis-dain, And abused on every hand, Treated ever with dis-

Chorus. 1st & 2d Sopranos.

reign, Chosen queen o'er all the land, Chosen queen o'er all the land, queen, *ff* queen, queen

Chorus. *ff*

O'er all the land, o'er

all the land, Chosen queen o'er all the land, Chosen queen o'er all the land, Chosen queen o'er all the land, o'er

dain, And abus'd on every hand, On ev' - - - ry hand, And abused on ev'-ry hand, Treated ever with dis-

o'er all the land, o'er all the land, Chosen queen o'er all the land, queen,

all the land, Chosen queen o'er all the land, Chosen queen o'er all the land, Chosen queen o'er all the land, o'er

all the land, o'er all the land, Chos-en queen o'er all the land, Chos-en queen o'er all the

dain, And abus'd on every hand, Treated ever with disdain, And abus'd on every hand, on ev' - - - ry

queen, queen, o'er all the land, o'er all the

all the land, o'er all the land, Chos-en queen o'er all the land, Chos-en queen o'er all the

land, Chosen queen o'er all the land, o'er all the land, o'er all the land, all the land, all the land, all the land, all the land.

hand, And a - bused on eve-ry hand, on eve-ry hand, on eve-ry hand, every hand, every hand, every hand, every hand.

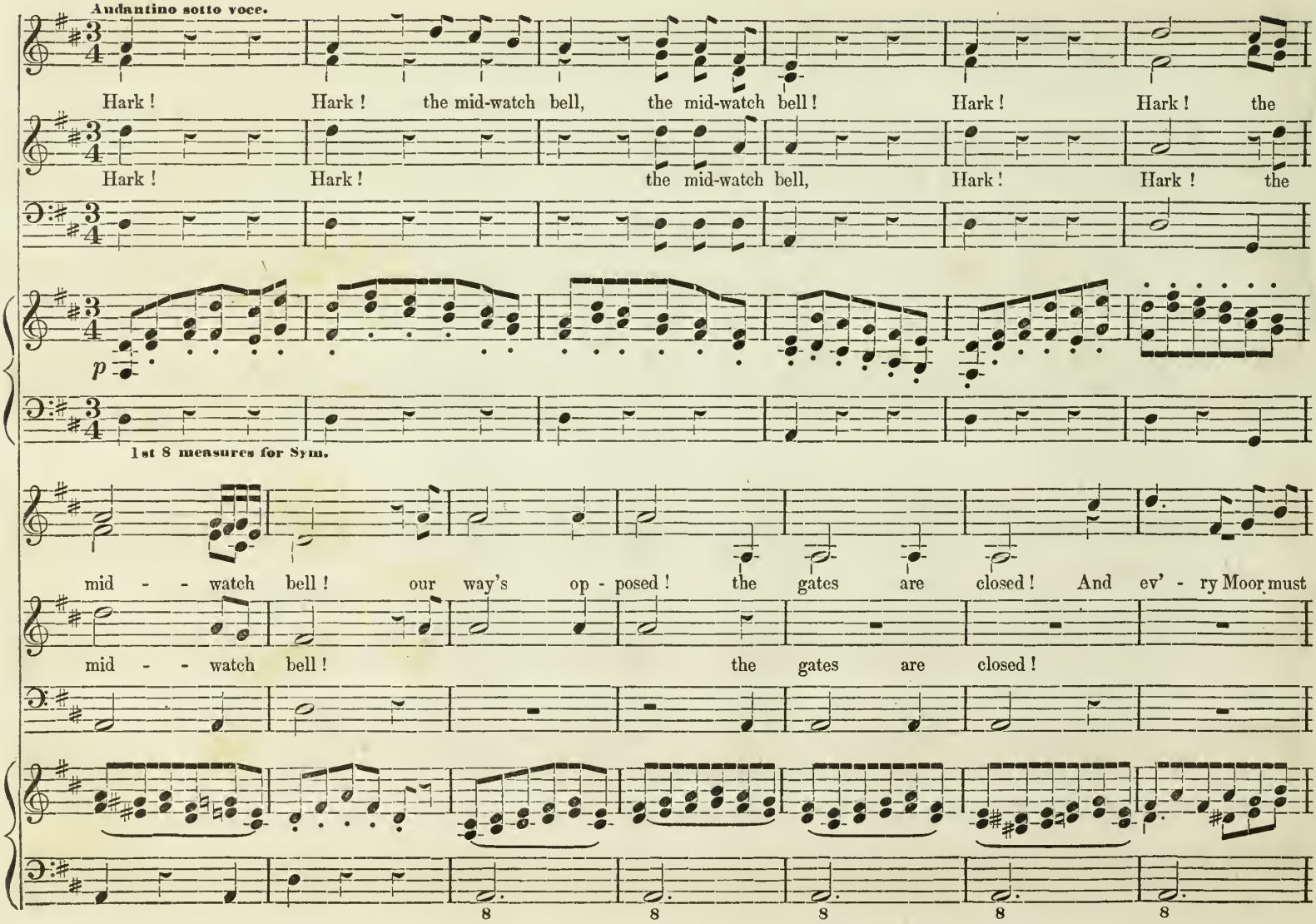
land, Chosen queen o'er all the land, o'er all the land, o'er all the land, all the land, all the land, all the land, all the land.

land,

8----

GLEE. — "Hark! the Mid-watch Bell!"

Arranged from H. R. BISHOP.



shut his door, And ev' - ry Moor must shut his door! de - fy;

our way's op-posed! still we de - fy! the gates are closed! still thus we'll

we'll try, we'll try, we'll try, we'll try, we'll try, we'll try, Good night, Good night, good night, good night, fare-well, fare-

try, we'll try, we'll try, well try, we'll try, Good night! fare-well, fare-

well! good night! good night! . . good night! fare - well! fare - - - - - well!

well! fare - well!

fare - - - - well! fare - - - - - well! fare - well!

fare - - - - - well! fare - well!

p *f*

QUARTETT. — "Hark! from yonder holy pile."

Poetry by T. HAYNES BAYLY.

1st Soprano.

Andante.

1. Hark! from yon-der ho - ly pile, Wedding bells are ring - ing; White rob'd forms who crowd the aisle, Sol-emn chants are sing - ing.

p

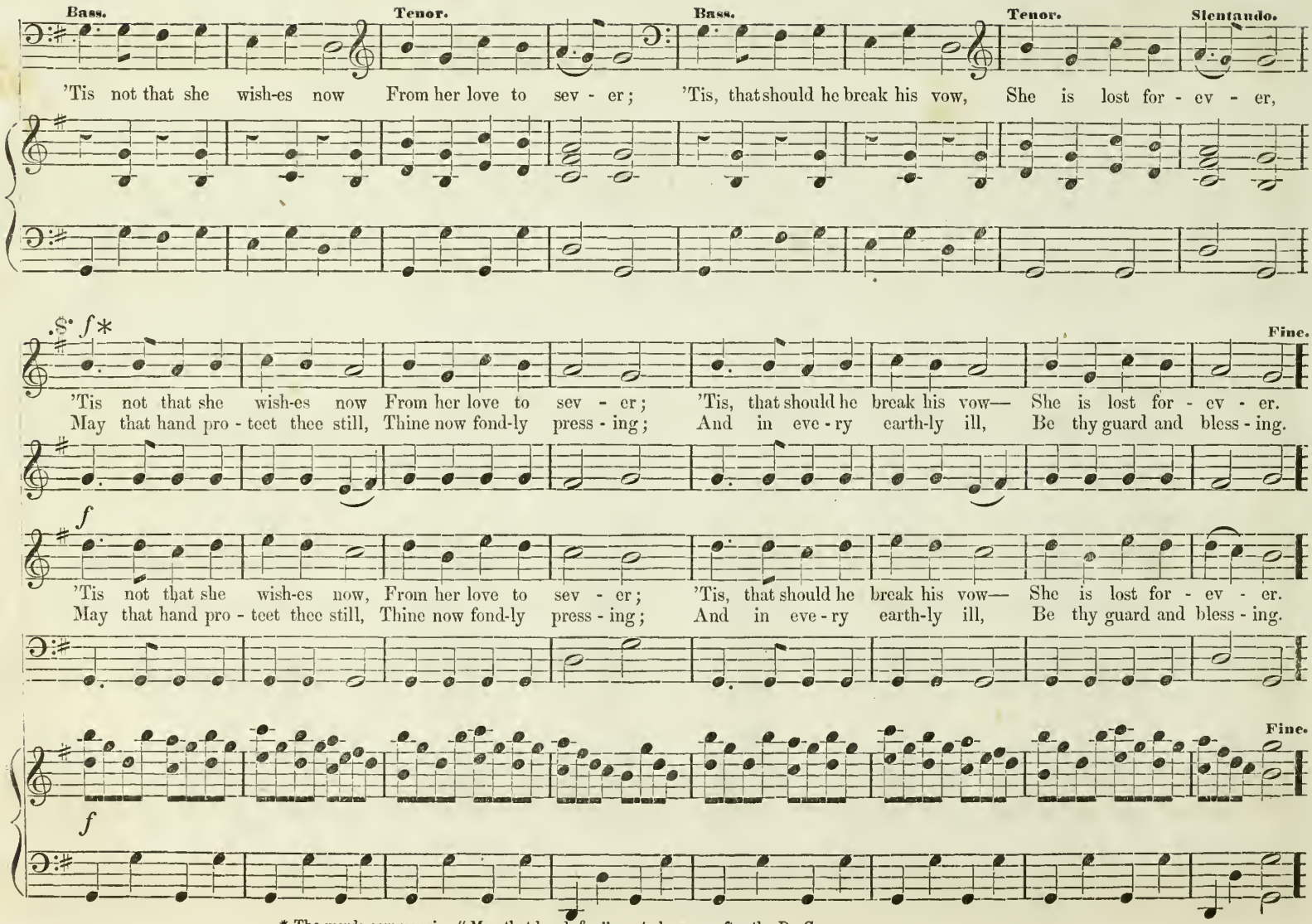
1st Soprano.

See the hap - py bride ap - pear, Yet her foot-steps fal - ter; Wherefore should she shed a tear, At the ho - ly al - tar?

2d Soprano.

See the hap-py bride ap - pear, Yet her foot-steps fal - ter; Where-fore should she shed a tear, At the ho - ly al - tar?

Tenor.



* The words commencing "May that hand, &c." are to be sung after the Da Capo.

1st Soprano.

Ceaseless are thy fears, fair bride, Vain the doubts that grieve thee; View him kneeling by your side, Think not he'll de - ceive thee.

Tenor. 1st Soprano.

Binding by his bri - dal oath, And his love in - creas - ing; And may heav'n be - stow on both Pleasures nev - er ceas - ing.

Bass. Tenor. Bass. Dal Segno.

May that hand pro - tect thee still, Thine now fond - ly press - ing; And in eve - ry earth-ly ill, Be thy guard and bless - ing,

CHORUS.—"In light tripping Measure."

From 'Cinderella.'

Allegro. Sopranos.

p In light tripping meas - ure, Sur-round - ed by pleas - ure, We count the gay hours That too hast - - i - ly

p In light tripping meas - ure, Sur-round - ed by pleas - ure, We count the gay hours That too hast - - i - ly

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

The 1st eight measures for a Sym.

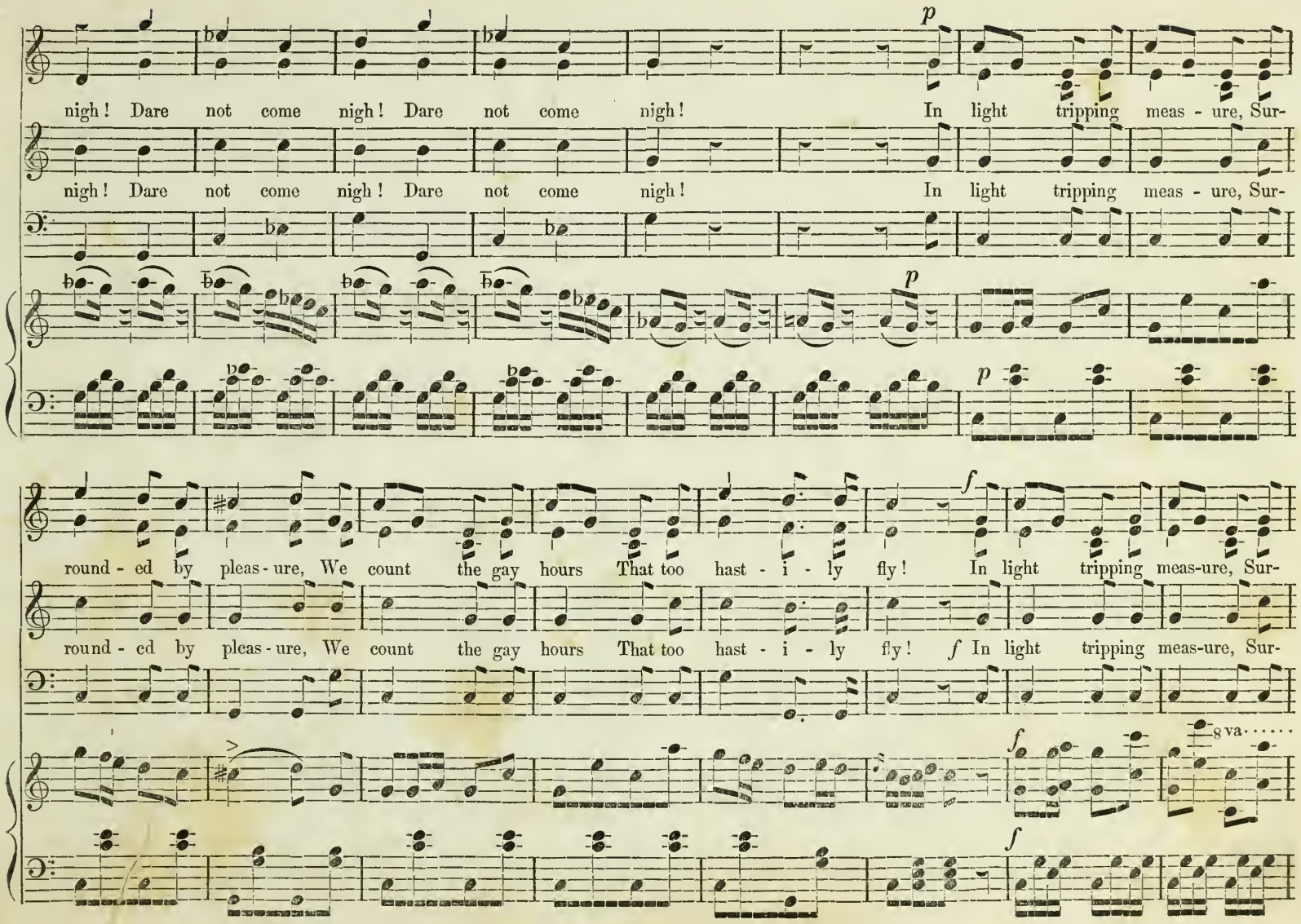
p

f 1st. 2d. 1st. 2d.

fly! Hence care and sor-row! Hence care and sor-row! Dare not come nigh! . . Dare not come

fly! Hence care and sor-row! Dare not come

f


p
nigh! Dare not come nigh! Dare not come nigh! In light tripping meas - ure, Sur-
nigh! Dare not come nigh! Dare not come nigh! In light tripping meas - ure, Sur-
p
p
f
round - ed by pleas - ure, We count the gay hours That too hast - i - ly fly! In light tripping meas-ure, Sur-
round - ed by pleas - ure, We count the gay hours That too hast - i - ly fly! f In light tripping meas-ure, Sur-
f
8va
f

round - ed by pleas - ure, We count the gay hours That too hast - i - ly fly! Hence care,

round - ed by pleas - ure, We count the gay hours That too hast - i - ly fly! Hence care, Hence care and sorrow, Hence

ff

p Cres.

Hence care, Hence care and sor - row! Dare not come nigh! Dare not

care Dare not come nigh! Hence care and sor - row! Dare not come nigh! Dare not

p Cres.

come nigh, Dare not come nigh, Dare not come nigh, Dare not come nigh!

come nigh, Dare not come nigh, Dare not come nigh, Dare not come nigh!

8va ..... loco.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

SESTETTINO.—"Lo! what charm by Magic spoken."

From 'Lucia di Lammermoor.'

Andante. Edgar.

Chi mi fre - - - na in tal mo - men - to? chi tron co dell'ire il cor - so? il suo

Lo! what charm by magic spok - en, Thus my arm from vengeance stay-eth? Ah, thy

Henry.

Chi mi - fre - - na il mio fu - ro - re, e la man che al brando cor - se? del - la

While my heart with ire is bleed - ing, What my arm so strangely stay-eth? Ah! a

p

duo - lo il suo spa - ven - to son la pro - - va son la pro vad'un ri - mor so!.. ma, qual ro - - sa i - na - ri - di - ta, el - la
woe, by bit-ter tok - en, All thy sor - rowing love, thy sorrowing love be-tray - eth, Like a rose . . whose bloom is dy - ing, Thou twixt

mi-se - ra in fa - vo re nel mio pet - to un gri - do cor - se! e mio san - gue! l'ho-tra - di - ta, el - la
voice within me pleading, All thy woes and wrongs por - tray - ing, On a broth - er's faith re - ly - ing, By my

Ped. *

sta . . . . fra mor - tee - vi - - ta! io son vin - - - to son com - mos - so t'amo, in - gra-ta t'amo, t'a - mo in-
life . . . . and death art ly - - ing, Still each feel - - ing thou art sway - ing, Still to thee, yes, still to thee I

sta . . . . fra mor - tee vi - - ta! ah! che spe - - gnere non pos - so i rimor - si del mio
trea - - son thou art dy - - ing, Deep re - morse up - on me prey - ing, Nev-er more will leave my

8va ..... loco.

Ped. *

Lucia.

Lo spe - rai che a me la vi - - ta tronca a-ves - - - se il mio spa ven - to . . . ma la mor - - te non m'a-
Fate her last re - lief de - ny - - ing, Wild de-spair of hope be - reaves me, Death my fond . . . embraces

gra-ta, t'a - mo an - cor ! . . . chimifre - na in-tal-mo-men - to
yield, I yield my heart, . . . is it mag - ic my ire that stay-eth ?

co - re del mio cor ! . . . e mio san - gue ! l'ho tra - di - ta !
heart, will leave my heart. . . On a brother's faith re - ly - ing !

Raimond.

Qual ter - ri - - - bi le mo - men - to ! piu for-mar non so pa - ro - le ! den-sa nu - be di - spa-
How this hour all hope de - ny - ing, Binds in chains each darken'd feel - ing, While the clouds . . of sor-row

i - ta vi - vo an - cor per mio tor - men - to! d'amiei lu . . . . mi cad de il ve - - lo . . . mi tra-
fly - ing, Bids no peace - - ful grave re - ceive me! Earth and man . . . to wrong be - trayed me, Now no

ma chi? chi? co - me ro - - sa i - na - ri-
ah! no! no! Like a rose . . . . whose bloom is

io l'ho-tra - di - ta! ah! si si el - la-sta . . . . . fra mor - te e
'Twas I be-trayed thee! ah! Yes! yes! 'Tis for me . . . . . that thou . . art . .

ven - to parche - co - - - - prai rai del so - le! co-me ro - - sai - na - ri - di - ta el - la
fly - ing, Hide each ray one joy re - veal - ing. Like a rose . . . whose bloom is dy - ing, Thou twixt

Ped. *

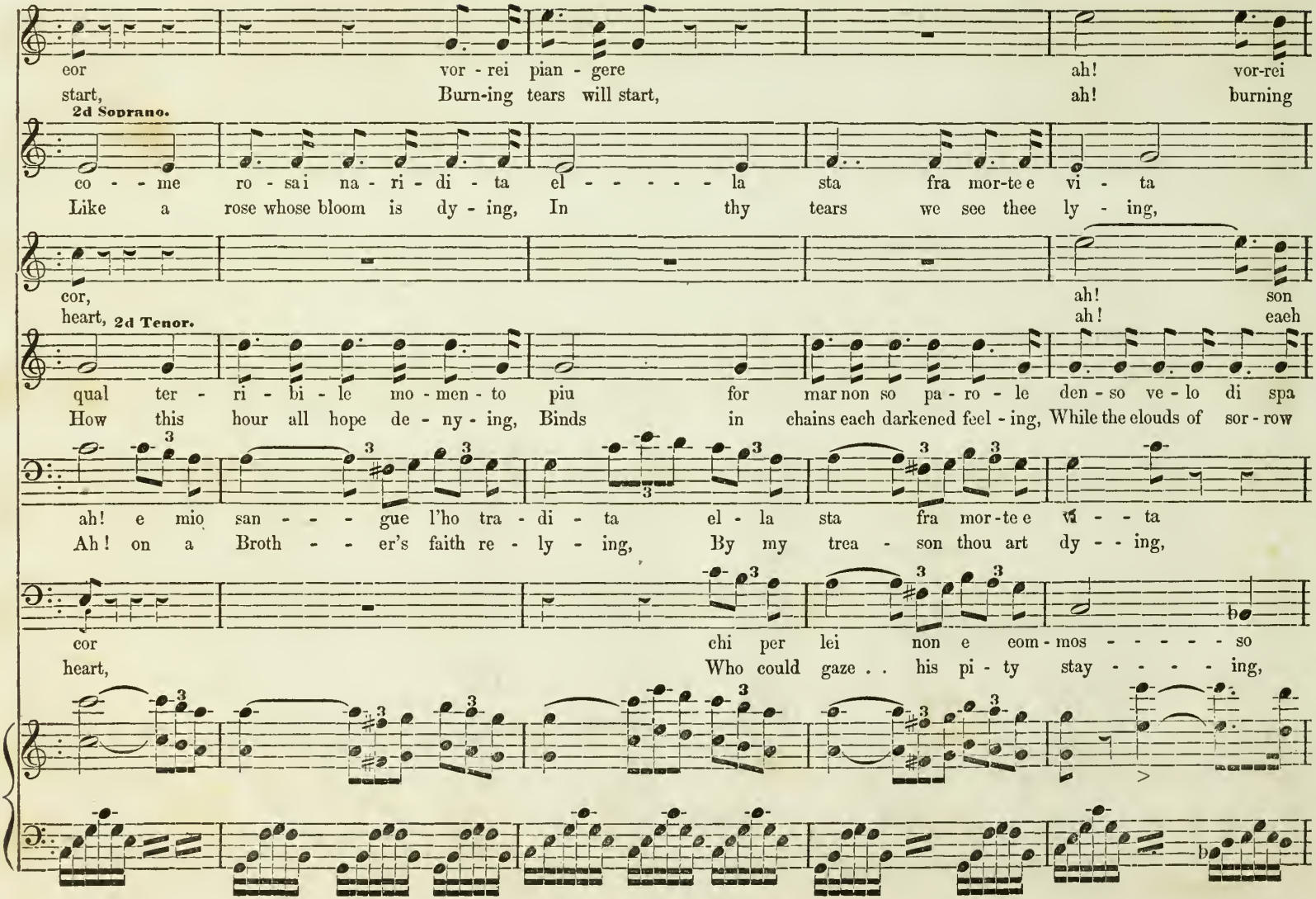
di la terra e il cie - - lo! vor-rei pian ge - re, e non pos - so . . m'abban - do - na m'ah-ban do-na el pian - to an-
prayers to heaven will aid . . . me, Burning tears no pain al - lay - ing, From their fount like la - va start, like la - va

di - ta el la sta fra mor-te e vi - ta in - gra - ta t'a-mo ancor si t'a-mo an-
dy - ing, Thou twixt life . . . . and death art ly-ing! Oh, false one, Still to thee I yield my

vi - ta fra mor-te e vi - ta spe-gnere non pos - so i ri - mor - si
dy - ing, that thou art dy - ing, Deep remorse no more will leave my heart,

sta fra mor-te e vi - ta! chi pen - lei . no - ne commos - so ha di ti - gre in pet-to il
life . . . and death art ly - ing, Who could gaze his pi - ty stay - ing, De-mon like hath steel'd his

Ped.


cor vor - rei pian - gere ah! vor-rei
start, Burn-ing tears will start, ah! burning
2d Soprano.
co - - me ro - sa i na - ri - di - ta el - - - - - la sta fra mor-te e vi - ta
Like a rose whose bloom is dy - ing, In thy tears we see thee ly - ing,
cor, ah! son
heart, ah! each
2d Tenor.
qual ter - ri - bi - le mo - men - to piu for mar non so pa - ro - le den - so ve - lo di spa
How this hour all hope de - ny - ing, Binds in chains each darkened feel - ing, While the clouds of sor - row
ah! e mio san - - - gue l'ho tra - di - ta el - la sta fra mor-te e vi - - ta
Ah! on a Broth - - er's faith re - ly - ing, By my trea - son thou art dy - - ing,
cor chi per lei non e com - mos - - - - - so
heart, Who could gaze . . his pi - ty stay - - - - ing,

cres. f

pian - - ge - re e non pos - so ah! m'ab-ban-do - - na il pianto an-
tears no pain al - lay - ing, ah! From their fount . . . like la - va

chi per lei non e com - mos - - - - - so ha di ti - gre in pet to il cor
Who could gaze his pi - - ty stay - - - - - ing, De - - - mon like hath steel'd his heart.

vin - - to son com - mos - - - - - - - so t'a - - mo in - - gra - - - ta t'a - - - mo an-
feel - - ing thou art sway - - - - - - - ing, Still . . . . to thee I yield my

ven - to par che co - - - pra i rai del so - le
fly - ing, Hide each ray . . . . one joy re - - veal - ing,

ah che spe - gne - re non pos - so i ri - - mor - - - si del mio
Deep re - morse up - on me prey - ing, No more will leave . . my heart

ha di ti - - - gre in pet - to il cor il
De - - - - mon like . . . . hath steeled . . his heart, his

8va

Cres. - - - - - - - - cen - - - - - - - do.

rall. ff

cor il pian - to an - cor il pian - - to an - cor.
start, like la - va will start, like la - - va will start.

il cor - - - - - - in - pet - to il - cor il cor.
steel'd his heart, hath steeled his heart, . . . his heart.

a tempo. cres.

cor t'a - mo an - cor si si t'amo an - cor in - gra - ta t'a mo an-cor si an - cor.
heart, I yield my heart, Yes, I yield my heart, . . . To thee I yield my heart, yield my heart.

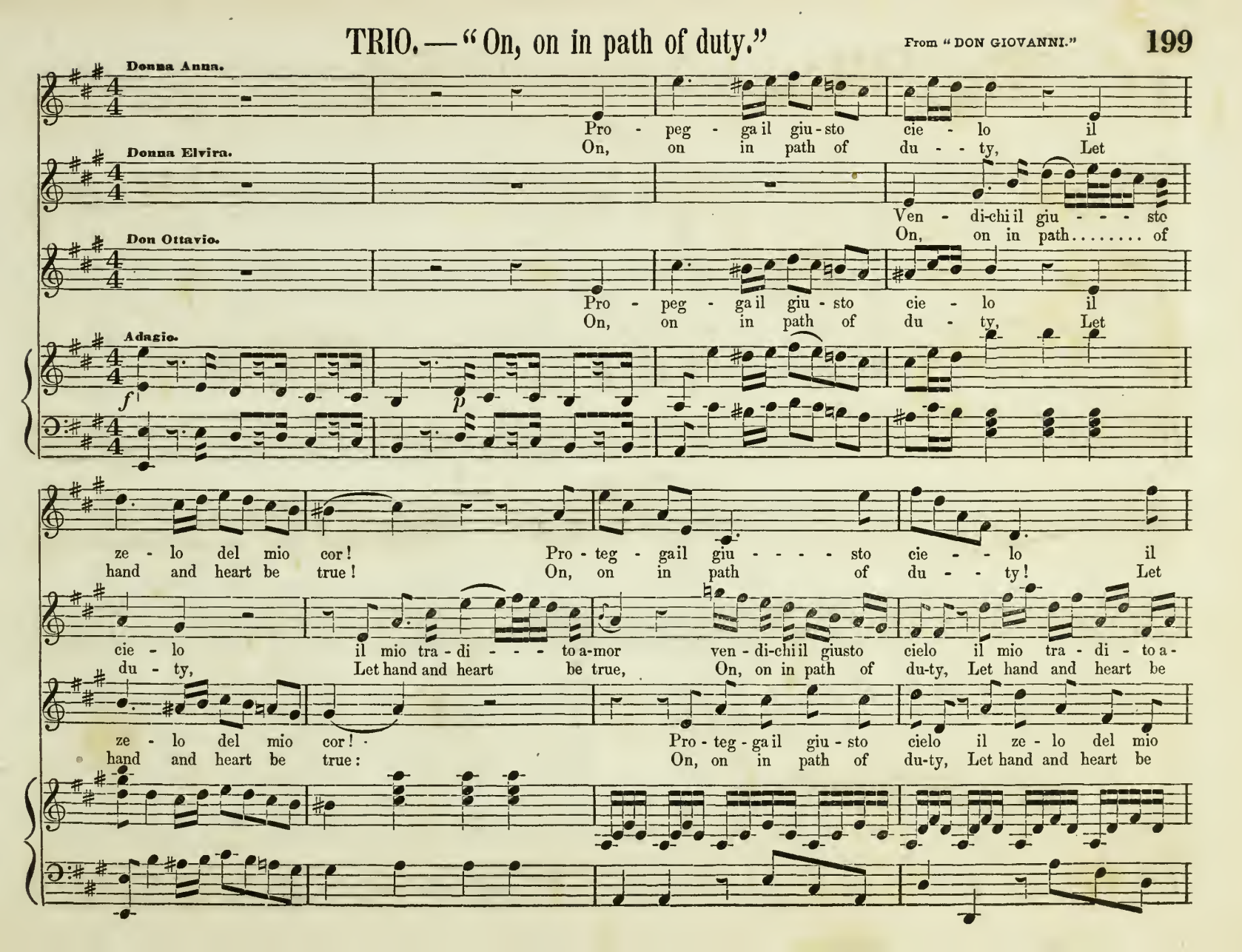
ha di tigre inpetto il cor ha di tigre inpetto il - cor il cor.
Demon like hath steeled his heart, Demon like hath steel'd his heart, . . his heart.

cres.

cor non pos - so i rimor - si del cor ah spegner non ti pos - so ahi - me.
heart, No, nev - er, nev-er more will leave my heart, No more will leave my heart, leave my heart.

cor si di ti - - - - - gre si il cor il cor.
heart, De - mon like hath steeled his heart, . . . his heart.

ff


Donna Anna.
Pro - peg - ga il giu - sto cie - lo il
On, on in path of du - - ty, Let
Donna Elvira.
Ven - di-chi il giu - - - sto
On, on in path..... of
Don Ottavio.
Pro - peg - ga il giu - sto cie - lo il
On, on in path of du - ty, Let
Adagio.
f
p
ze - lo del mio cor! Pro - teg - ga il giu - - - - sto cie - - lo il
hand and heart be true! On, on in path of du - - ty! Let
cie - lo il mio tra - di - - - to a-mor ven - di-chi il giusto cielo il mio tra - di - to a-
du - ty, Let hand and heart be true, On, on in path of du-ty, Let hand and heart be
ze - lo del mio cor! Pro - teg - ga il giu - sto cielo il ze - lo del mio
hand and heart be true: On, on in path of du-ty, Let hand and heart be

ze - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - lo del mio cor..... Pro - teg - ga il giu - - - - sto
hand..... and heart be true!..... On, on in path of

mor! il mio tra - - - di - to, tra - di - to a - mor! ven - di - chi il giu - sto
true, Let hand and heart..... be true! On, on in path of

cor, il ze - lo, il ze - lo del mio cor! Pro - teg - ga il giu - sto
true, Let hand, let hand and heart be true! On, on in path of

cie - - - - - - lo il ze - lo del mio
du - - - - - - ty! Let hand..... and heart be

cie - lo il mio tra - di - to a - mor! il mio, il mio tra - di - - - - - to a -
du - ty, Let hand and heart be true, Let hand, Let hand and heart be

cie - lo il ze - lo del mio cor, il ze - lo, il ze - lo del mo
du - ty! Let hand and heart be true, Let hand, Let.... hand and heart be

cor! Pro - teg - - ga il giu - sto, cie - lo, il
true! On, on in path of du - ty, Let

mor, Ven-di - chi, ven-di - chi il giu - sto, cie - - lo, il mio tra - di - to, tra - di - to a-
true! On, on in path, on in path of du - - ty, Let hand, let hand and heart be

cor! Pro - teg - - ga il giu - sto cie - lo, il
true! On, on in path of du - ty! Let

ze - - - - lo del..... mio cor!
hand..... and heart..... be true!

mor, tra - di - - - to a - mor!
true! and heart be true!

ze - - - - lo del mio cor!
hand and heart be true!

[26]

TRIO. — "The Bride's Farewell."

From "DON GIOVANNI."

WORDS BY J. C. JOHNSON.

Andante.

Soprano Solo.

Ah ta - ci, in giu - sto co - re!
Fare-well, fare-well my moth-er!

p

non pal - pi - tar - mi in se - no! è un empio, è un tra - di - to - re, é
Fare - well, fare-well my moth-er! fare-well, ah! Sweet scenes of childhood, and

mf

col - - pa a - ver pie - ta é col - pa a - ver pie - ta.
friends..... I loved so well, Dear friends I loved so well.

p

Cres.

p

p

Soprano.

Dei - chi ci - men - to è que - sto !
Fare-well, sweet scenes of pleas - ure :

Tenor.

spe - ro che ca - da pre - sto !
Fare-well, sweet scenes of pleas - ure :

Bass.

già quel men - da - ce la - bro.
Fare-well, sweet scenes of pleas - ure :

non so s'io va-do, o' re - sto ? ah pro - - - - - - - - teg - - - ge - - - - - - - - - - - - te
Farewell, sweet home of childhood, And mem' - - - - - - - - - ry e'er . . . . . shall

che bel col - pet-to è que - sto ? piu fer - ti - la ta - len-to del mio nò non si
Farewell, sweet home of childhood, And mem' - ry e'er shall cher-ish, The friends I lov'd so

tor - na a se - dur co - ste - i, deh pro - - - - - - - - - teg - - ge - te . . . . . o
Farewell, sweet home of childhood, And mem' - - - - - - - - - ry e'er . . . shall

vo - i..... la mia ere - du - li - ta,.... ere - - - du - li - ta! Dei! che ei - men-to'e
cher - ish..... The friends, the friends I loved, I..... loved so well; Farewell sweet scenes of

da, piu fer - - - - - ti - le ta - lento nó del mio, nó non si dà!
well. And mem - - - - 'ry e'er shall cherish, Yes, The friends I loved so well.

Dei..... la sua ere - du - li - ta, ere - - du - li - ta!
cherish,..... The friends, the friends I loved, I loved so well.

que - sto. Dei! che ei - men-to ē que - sto! non só s'io va - do, non so, s'io
pleasure, Farewell sweet home of childhood, sweet scenes of pleas - ure, sweet home of

Spe - ro che ea - da pre - sto, che bel col - pet - to ē que - sto, che bel col -
Farewell sweet home of child - hood, Farewell sweet scenes of pleas - ure, sweet home of

Già quel men - da - ee la - bro, torna a se - dur co -
Farewell sweet scenes of pleas - ure, Fare - well sweet home of

re - sto? Dei! che ci-men - to è que - sto, non so, s'io va - do o - re - sto?
child-hood, Fare-well, sweet scenes of pleas - ure, Fare - well, sweet home of child - hood.

pet - to spe - ro che ca - da pre - sto, che bel col - pet - to è que - sto?
child-hood, Fare-well, sweet scenes of pleas - ure, Fare - well, sweet home of child - hood.

sta - i; gia quel men-da - ce la - bro, tor - naa se - dur co - ste - i.
child-hood. Fare-well, sweet scenes of pleas-ure, Fare - well, sweet home of child - hood.

ah pro - - - - - - - - - te - - - ge - - - - - - - - - - - te vo - i..... la
and mem' - - - - - - - - - ry e'er..... shall cher-ish..... The

piu fer - ti - le ta - len - to del mio, nò non si dà, piu fer - - ti - le ta
and mem' - ry e'er shall cher-ish, The friends I loved so well, and mem' - - ry e'er shall

deh pro - - - - - - - - - teg - - - ge - te,..... o Dei..... la
and mem' - - - - - - - - - ry e'er.... shall cher-ish,..... The

mia ere - du - li - ta,.... ere - - du - li - tà, la mia..... ere - - - du - - li -
friends, the friends I loved, I..... loved so well, The friends..... I..... loved so

len - to nò del mio no non si dà, nò non si
cher-ish, Yes! The friends I loved so well, I loved so

sua cre - du - li - ta, ere - - du - li - tà, ere - - du - li -
friends, the friends I loved, I loved so well, I loved so

Cres. p

tà, la mia..... ere - - - du - li - tà.
well, The friends..... I..... loved so well.

dâ, nò non si dà.
well, I loved so well.

tà, ere - - - du - li - tà.
well, I loved so well.

Cres. p pp

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